THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year. in Advance.

VOLUME XIII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA. THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1880. NUMBER 33.

Sunshine.

An old barn-chamber heaped with new-mown hay,
And swallows' nests along the mossy eaves;
The sleepy sunshine lies there all the day—
Its gilds the cobwebs' misty lace of gray
And flickers thro' the faded clover leaves
Back in the corner shadows dark and tall
Beckon to elm-boughs waving by the orchard wall.

No sound but swallows flying to and fro,
Or tinkle of a bell in pasture near.
Soft shadows on the hillside come and go,
While over heights of blue sweep, still and slow,
White wreaths of cloud that melt and die appear.
Under the hill a thin smoke rises, curled
Like incense from the altar of a peaceful world.

—*Mabel S Emery, in Good Company.*

The Bedouin's Rebuke.

A Bedouin of true honor—good Nebar—
Possessed a horse whose fame was spread afar;
No other horse was half so proud and strong,
His feet were like the north wind swept along—
n his curved neck and in his flashing eye
You saw the harbingers of victory.
So, many came to Nebar day by day,
And longed to take his noble horse away;
Large sums they offered, and with grace besought,
But all in vain—the horse could not be bought.
With these came Daher, of another tribe,
To see if he might not the owner bribe;
Yet purposeless—no money, skill, nor breath,
Could part the owner from his horse till death.
Then Daher, who was subtle, mean and sly,
Concluded, next, some stratagem to try;
So, clothed in rags, and masked in form and face,
He as a beggar walked with limping pace,
And, meeting Nebar with the horse one day,
He fell, and prostrate on the desert lay.
The ruse succeeded; for, when Nebar found
A helpless man in sorrow on the ground,
He took him up, and on the noble steed,
Gave him a place—but what a thankless deed.
For Daher shouted, laughed, and giving rein
Said, "You will never see your horse again."
"Take him," said Nebar, "but, for mercy's sake,
Tell no man in what way you chose to take!
Lest others, seeing what has happened to me,
Omit to do some needed charity."
Pierced by these words, the robber's keen remorse
Thwarted his plan, and he returned the horse,
Shame-faced and sorrowful; then slunk away
As if he feared the very light of day!

—*Wide Awake.*

A STORMY WOOING.

Charlie Van Anden stood on the quarter deck of one of the steamers that ply between New York and Havana, and gazed with feelings of horror and indignation at the scenes which were being enacted at the vessel's sides.

He was second mate of the Duchesse, and this was his first voyage on her. The steamer, as he had seen when a day out of port, was unseaworthy, and the owners had put her in charge of an incompetent captain, and an insubordinate crew had been shipped.

A storm had come up, off the Jersey coast, and the captain had from the first shown either ignorance or willful disregard of danger, in heading directly for land, when, with plenty of sea-room, he might have run before the gale to the southward.

Van Anden did not know what he afterward learned, that the Duchesse was insured for more than her value; but he did know that the captain was acting unwisely.

He ventured to remonstrate, but Captain Butler replied with a brutal oath, and an admonition to "mind his own business," that silenced Van Anden.

He devoted himself to keeping the crew at work properly, and feeing free from responsibility, watched the approaching danger with a clear conscience but a heavy heart.

There were eleven passengers on board, three of whom were ladies, and he trembled for their safety.

For himself he did not care much. He had little to tie him to life, and although he was not romantic, and had no foolish desire for death, yet he had schooled himself to expect it at any time in the discharge of his duties as a sailor.

And now it looked as though death was staring him in the face. The steamer had sprung a leak, the men had abandoned the pumps, and there were breakers ahead.

At this juncture Captain Butler showed the white feather. Careless of his passengers, he had called the crew to the long-boat, and had given orders to launch it.

It seemed madness to get into a small boat in such a sea, but it was equally dangerous to stay on the steamer, and the crew gathered around him, wild with selfish terror. In a moment the boat was loosened from its fastenings and the cowardly captain was the first to jump into her. Enough of the crew to fill the boat followed him, and instantly she was driven away, leaving the steamer to her fate, and going to meet an almost equally certain death.

Van Anden stood with a sneer on his lip, watching the proceeding. He could not interfere with the captain's doings, although there had been little discipline on deck for the few minutes that had just passed. But now the captain had deserted the ship, and Van Anden commanded devoted upon the first-officer, whom he knew to be a brave man, although not a skillful seaman.

"Where is Mr. Dyer?" he shouted to a sailor who was left behind in the rush that was made for the long-boat.

"Washed overboard, sir," said the man.

The command then devolved upon him. He looked around with a fresh sense of responsibility. There was yet one chance of saving the passengers, and one of these passengers was a woman he would have died to save, even under other circumstances.

This was Mary Danforth. She was a magnificent beauty, and, as Van Anden had long known by report, was an independent woman, living her life in proud defiance of Mrs. Grundy, and relying successfully on her unsullied name and immense fortune to keep scandal at a distance.

She was fond of traveling, and traveled a great deal alone.

She stood now a little apart from the other passengers, her proud head lifted as if in defiance of fate, looking death in the face without a tremor.

Van Anden had fallen in love with her the first time he had seen her, which was on this voyage,

She had looked at him once or twice with admiration for his manly beauty, but he had not even spoken to her, and did not suppose that she knew of his existence.

Yet he loved her, although it was the kind of love that a poet gives to a star that he knows is out of his reach.

All this passed through his mind as he stood looking at the captain's desertion, and he saw his own scorn reflected in her eyes.

Then he began calculating the chances. The steamer, he knew, would sink in a few moments more.

There were eight men of the crew left on deck, and among them he saw three of the best sailors that had shipped. The passengers were all on deck, gathered in a group.

Van Anden looked around to see if there were any boats fit for service. Only one remained.

"Stand by to lower the yawl!" he shouted, in a voice that rose above the storm.

The three good men answered in one breath, "aye, aye, sir!" and jumped to the side of the vessel. They recognized a voice of authority.

The other five, incited by their example, followed. Van Anden was there as soon as the rest, and turning to one of the sailors, he shouted: "Fetch life-preservers for the passengers!"

The man demurred.

"To —— with the passengers!" he answered; "let's save ourselves."

Without an instant's hesitation Van Anden knocked him flat on the deck.

Seizing a belaying pin, he stood on the defensive for an instant, not knowing how the others would act.

"I'm in command now," said he, "and you've got to obey orders."

Then turning to a man he knew he could rely on, he said: "Go fetch the life-preservers."

They were soon brought, and first seeing that each passenger was provided with one, Van Anden had the yawl lowered.

He knew that the boat ought not to have over fifteen passengers, and there were twenty souls in all on the steamer.

Turning to the passengers he said:

"One at a time, now. Ladies first."

And himself superintending, he saw them lowered to the yawl which the two sailors below were barely able to keep in position.

He put Miss Danforth in the yawl first, and as he handed her down, he felt the pressure of his hand slightly returned, but no words passed between them.

When the passengers were all in, he turned to the best men of the six that remained, and ordered them to follow.

They obeyed, and then as the other four were preparing to follow them, he shouted:

"Shove off! She's full enough, Davis; I put you in command."

It was an unexpected order, and seemed like a death warrant to four men besides himself.

Two of the men still on deck, with angry oaths, rushed past him and made a leap for the yawl, while half a dozen voices arose in remonstrance from below.

But Van Anden sternly repeated his order:

"Shove off!" and raised his belaying pin threateningly at the two men left with him, who stood undecidedly for a moment.

"Aye—aye, sir," came from the yawl, and she was pushed off.

"You'll find an inlet two or three miles south," he shouted to Davis. "Try and make that, and you can get ashore."

"Aye—aye, sir!" came up once more from Dick Davis, and the men bent to their oars and pulled away.

Van Anden turned to his two remaining men.

"Your chances are better with me than they would have been in the yawl," said he. "There are two more in her now than she can safely carry, and we can get ashore on a raft."

He spoke thus to keep their courage up, although he knew that a raft would be unmanageable. It seemed, however, to be the only chance remaining, and he was going to try.

The men were sullen, but knowing as well as he that there was no other chance helped him as he began to lash together some of the debris that strewed the deck.

But before they had accomplished their purpose the ship gave a sudden lurch, and they knew she was going down.

"Lash yourselves to a spar," cried Van Anden, suiting the action to the word, and then all were struggling in the water.

Van Anden was submerged for a few moments, which seemed like hours to him, and when he came to the surface he realized that he held in a tenacious grip one end of a piece of rope that he had thrown twice around his waist. The other end was fast to a spar, and he was thus kept afloat.

He looked around, but could see nothing of the two sailors who had been with him.

"Poor fellows!" he thought. "I have sacrificed their lives, but it was to save the others that I did it."

He had little time for moralizing, however, for his thoughts were speedily directed to his own probable fate.

During the little time that had elapsed since Captain Butler put off in his boat the steamer had been driven in shore until when she had at length sunk, she was within half a mile of the long row of breakers.

Van Anden had recognized the coast, and knew of the inlet to which he had directed Davis.

He also knew that he was drifting directly toward a rocky point where he would probably be dashed to death by the waves.

It was only a matter of a few minutes, and with a proud sense of having done his duty as far as he could, he breathed a short prayer for Miss Danforth's safety and for his own, and waited as calmly as he could for the shock.

On and on went the spar, until at length it was hurled far up on the rocks by a mighty wave that broke further in than the others.

A dull crash was all that Van Anden felt, and then he was unconscious.

When he came to himself he was lying in a large, comfortable bed, and a kind, motherly-looking woman was watching beside him.

"Where am I?" he asked, in a voice that surprised him by its weakness.

"You are among friends," was the reply.

He was too weak to question the woman any further, and he shut his eyes again, contented with the one word "friends," while the joyful nurse stole out of the room to carry the news of her patient's recovery from delirium to the kind-hearted family who had harbored the stranger.

In a day or two more he was strong enough to listen while he was told that he had been found on the shore insensible, and being from a wound on the head, and had been cared for by Captain Withers, a retired sailor, and his family.

When he asked if any one else had been picked up he was told no, and he supposed that he was the only survivor.

His recovery was rapid, and in a few days he started for New York to report the loss of the Duchesse to Messrs. Shipley & Wright, her owners.

When he arrived in the city, however, he was too weak to attend to business immediately, and entering a carriage, he told the driver to take him to a hotel.

"Which one, sir?" asked cabby.

"Any one, I don't care," was the reply of the sailor, who was only conscious of a longing to lie down and rest.

The driver looked in astonishment, and then seeing that his passenger was ill, he started uptown.

"I'll take him to a first-class place, anyway, where he'll be taken care of," he thought, and drove to one of the best uptown hotels.

Van Anden staggered into the office and asked for a room.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk politely enough, but indifferently. "Please register your name," and he pushed the big book toward him.

Van Anden wrote his name, and leaned against the counter, waiting for the clerk to assign him his quarters.

But the clerk stared at him in astonishment when he read the name.

"Are you Charles Van Anden, of the steamer Duchesse?" he asked.

"Yes," said our hero, not a little surprised in his turn.

The clerk summoned the proprietor of the hotel and told him who the latest guest was, and Van Anden was speedily installed in the handsomest room in the house, and served with the best of everything that he could wish.

And half a dozen cards were sent to his room within half an hour, the names of which he did not at once recognize. But he was told by the obsequious servant that the passengers of the ill-fated Duchesse had gotten safely ashore, and were stopping at the same hotel to which he had come.

And when he was rested sufficiently to converse, he found that he was a hero with whose praises the whole town was ringing.

His first inquiry was for Miss Danforth, and while the servant was telling him that she was one of the guests who had inquired especially after him, another servant came with a magnificent bouquet, to which was attached a tiny card bearing the name of Mary Danforth.

As soon as possible, he sent a note asking that he might see her, and in a few minutes more he was in her private parlor.

Her magnificent beauty was not impaired by the exposure to which she had been subjected, but her flashing eyes looked on him with an interest that thrilled him as nothing had ever thrilled him before.

He never remembered but one thing that happened at the interview, however, for he was as modest as he was brave. That one thing was that she made him promise to call again.

And he did call again the next day, after he had seen Messrs. Shipley & Wright, who received him coldly enough, being afraid of the testimony that he could give in the lawsuit that they expected to be involved in regarding the insurance money.

They had told him that they could give him a subordinate position on one of their ships that was going to China within a week, and he, knowing that he must work for a living, had accepted the offer.

So he told Mary Danforth that he was going as a boatswain on the ship Mary Ann, and she blazed with indignation.

"As boatswain!" said she; "indeed you shall not. I'll build you a ship myself sooner than have you do that. You shall not go to sea again except as captain."

The bashful sailor was overwhelmed.

"Oh, Miss Danforth," said he, "you are too kind. But it is too much for you to do. I can fight my way up alone, and if you will only remember me kindly I shall be nerved to the struggle by the greatest happiness I can ever know."

She looked at him a moment without speaking. She knew that he was too modest and too manly to appear in the light of a fortune-hunter, and she could not bear the thought of his leaving her. So although her cheeks flamed with blushes, she spoke again:

"Yes, sir, I will build you a ship and make you the captain, but only on one condition.

"What is that?" said poor Van Anden, bewildered, and yet half guessing at what was coming.

"Only on condition—that you—make—me—your first mate," replied the blushing beauty, hiding her face in her hands.

He seized her hand and drew it gently from her face. It lay quietly in his own. Then he kissed it, and still it was not withdrawn. And then—

But it is not for me, nor for the reader to know what he did next. All that concerns us to know is that the ship was built, and on the very first voyage Captain Van Anden made his wedding tour.

Spanish and Portuguese Bull Fights.

This is what actually takes place at a real Spanish bull fight, at Seville, the capital of Andalusia, the home of the sort of sport. The spectators having assembled in a large amphitheater, open to the sky, the bull fighters enter in procession, headed by the matador, who kneels before the governor of the province. The governor throws him the key of the bull-pen, and, with a chivalric gesture, throwing aside his hat, the matador devotes the lives of the bull fighters to the entertainment of the public. Then the picadors, mounted on poor, worn-out horses, take up their position on the left of the entrance to the bull-pen; the bandarillos, with their gay scarfs, rosettes and ribbons, depioy to the right; the matador retires; the bull signal is given, and in rushes a wild Andalusian bull, mad with rage and terror. The picadors, themselves protected by padded costumes, push forward their horses for the bull to gore—the more horses sacrificed by the liberal management, the more popular the bull fight. Horse after horse is tossed into the air and runs about with its entrails trailing upon the ground, the picadors remounting and spurring on their steeds with a cruelty that defies belief. When five or six horses have been killed the picadors withdraw—they are universally detested by the populace—and the bandarillos display their graceful feats. They play the infuriated bull with their bright cloaks; one walking before it, as if taking a promenade, dodging every lunge of the beast with extraordinary agility; and next look, we see it fastened ribbons, with sharp pins, upon the head or shoulders of the animal; another sitting in a chair in the center of the arena and vaulting over the bull as it tosses up the chair. At last the matador is summoned and faces the bull with his sword in one hand and a red flag in the other. He coaxes the animal to the front of the governor's box. Then, as the bull lowers its head to charge, the matador, by a quick, downward thrust severs the spinal cord between the shoulders, and, if the stroke be successful, the bull drops dead. A team of gayly-decked mules then enters the body and drags off that of the maimed horses; another bull is introduced, and the exhibition is repeated in due order.

The Portuguese bull fights, which we have seen in their perfection at Lisbon, are deprived of most of the horrors of the Spanish style, and are splendid displays of horsemanship. The horns of the bulls are tipped with gilded balls; the chief bull-fighters are mounted upon capital steeds, richly caparisoned, and the bulls are not killed by the matador, if they display courage and agility, but are reserved for another entertainment. Men and horses are sometimes dangerously wounded, but not often, their skill and dexterity baffling the furious charges of the bull. No sight can be prettier than a Portuguese bull-ring—the swift horsemen circling about; the lightly-dressed bandarillos waving their flags and cloaks; the bull, by a hundred darts, dashing this way and that to punish its tormentors; and the occasional accidents only give zest to the delighted spectators. But a bull fight a la Portugal would be quite as illegal under our laws as a real Spanish bull fight; for the bull is certainly baited, and there is always some danger to life and limb. For example, we have seen a Portuguese bull, finding that it could not gore a man who had slipped and fallen in the ring, on account of the balls on its horns, deliberately kneel upon him and try to knead the life out of him, like an infuriated elephant. A bull fight, whether Portuguese or Spanish, is one of the things that those who wish to see must go abroad to witness.—*Spirit of the Times.*

How a "Lady-Killer" was Served.

On one of the excursion steamers running from Boston a young man made himself objectionably familiar to a lady whom he supposed to be alone. For a little while the lady tolerated his attentions and he was deluded into the idea that he had made a conquest. But his inward sense of victory was of short duration. She was only waiting for her husband to come. On his arrival she signaled to him to inform him of what was going on. He calmly surveyed the situation for a few moments, then made up his mind what to do. Being a somewhat muscular shoe-dealer, wearing a No. 11 boot, he quietly slipped in behind the unsuspecting youth and administered to him a powerful kick. This sent the youth bodily upward to the roof of the cabin in which the ceremony took place, and brought his forehead in contact with a piece of timber. The young man had never before dreamed of having such a high forehead. When he descended it was amid the mirth of his fellow-excursionists and with a conspicuous wound which he will probably wear for life. This fellow has no recourse against the large footed man who had damaged him. He was playing the fool and deserved the punishment he got. Kicking is not exactly sanctioned by law, but under the circumstances in which the Bostonian husband found himself nobody would say that it was illegal. The mark on the young gallant's brow will be a jagged, irregular, hieroglyphical looking sort of a thing, which, being interpreted, will read: "Served this fellow right."

Printer Martyrs.

The following extract is from an oration on "Newspapers," delivered before the Alumni of Pennsylvania college, at Gettysburg, by Congressman F.E. Beltzhoover:

The first printers were the earliest and noblest martyrs in the cause of humanity and civilization. The fate of Coleman, who was the secretary of the Duke of York, and one of the first printers, is a sad commentary on the despotism and brutality of the early stages of Anglo-Saxon character and society. He was charged with high treason for printing the news, and was one of the first victims of the infamous Titus Oates. He was denied counsel by Chief Justice Scroggs, who found fault with his religion, and ridiculed his defense as he stood at the bar. Jeffreys was the prosecutor. Oates was circumstantial in his perjury, and Coleman was condemned. His crime was urging the religious views which he held, with great learning, diffusing political knowledge, and enlightening public opinion. For this he was drawn on a hurdle from Newgate to Tyburn, amid the noisy insults of the mob, and there barbarously beheaded and quartered. A few years later, on a chill October night in 1663, Sir Roger L'Estrange, the licenser of the press, and his cowardly assistants, caught a poor old printer named John Twyn, in his house at Cloth Fair, which was Milton's hiding place in dark and evil days. A few sheets and some types were found. Some printed words argued "that the execution of justice and judgment is as well the people's as the magistrates' duty; and if the magistrates prevent judgment, the people are bound by the law of God to execute it." Twyn admitted that he printed the sheets, but said he saw no hurt in them, and he had been paid forty shillings for his work; that he was poor, and he had a family of small children dependent upon him for bread. He begged for mercy; but Hdye, the chief justice, grossly insulted and abused him, and declared that he was guilty of the most wicked and infamous treason. Poor old Twyn was dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution, hung till nearly dead, then cut down, and his body so mutilated that his atrocity forbids recital, his head cut off, and his four quarters hung on the city gates. These are grave and unusual recitals; but in these days of unbounded and unappreciated freedom, men sometimes forget what it is, because they either never knew or have forgotten what despotism has been.

In 1664 Sir E. Deering was expelled from parliament and confined in the Tower for printing his speeches. Jeffreys, when he got on the bench, pursued the poor printers with the direst whip of judicial scorpions. The venerable Richard Baxter was imprisoned and fined for printing his holy works. Richard Steele was expelled from parliament, and imprisoned and fined for printing the most harmless and beautiful thoughts. In 1680 Chief Justice Scroggs declared that, by the law of England, no person whatever could expose to the public knowledge anything that concerned the affairs of the public without license from the king. The harmless Book of Sports was solemnly burned by the public hangman. Long acts of parliament were passed to shut the mouths and silence the pens of men. The star chamber perpetrated its most disgraceful acts of tyranny and crime in its efforts to subdue the press and prohibit printed thought. Fines, imprisonment, the pillory, the branding iron, the rack, the hangman's fire at Smithfield, and all the inventions of despotic cruelty and ingenuity and wickedness in the power of the state were brought, with unrelenting fruitfulness, to punish the printers. But all the acts of parliament, all the judgments of corrupt courts, all the royal proclamations, all the old Bailey trials, all the atrocious Tyburn executions, did not subjugate the press. The lives of heroic men were found for sacrifice until the demon of persecution was appeased, and the day began to dawn. Those who died for the liberty of the press, in those long and bloody years, challenge the fame of the martyrs of all times. The holy men who laid down their lives for the sake of their religion died with the glowing hope of immortality in heaven before their enchanted vision, and cheering them at the stake. They died in the firm and unfaltering belief that thereby they secured an eternity of bliss. The martyrs for the liberty of the press died with the sublime and godlike belief that, by their death, humanity might be ushered into light and freedom. Theirs were the most unselfish and purest and most matchless motives which ever inspired and impelled men to dare and die. Of them it was sublimely said:

They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad.
Though years
Elapse, and others share as sad a fate,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others and conduct
The world at last to freedom.

This has produced the martyrdom of truth in every age, and the world has only been purged from ignorance with the innocent blood of those who have enlightened it.

The great and irresistible revolution which beheaded Charles I. laid the foundation of newspaper freedom, and consequent newspaper prosperity and growth in England. Then Milton, after imprisonment and almost death, stood out as the bravest of the champions of the press, and in his Areopagitica fought its battles with classic eloquence and power. In the long war between the Royalists and Roundheads, each army carried a printing press in its baggage train, and the belligerents used lead in types as much as in bullets, and fired pamphlets when they were not firing cannon. Then came the publication of parliamentary debates, which was an enormous and almost incalculable concession to the liberty of the press, since it gave the people the right and power to know and understand the arts of their representatives.

A Centipde in a Peach.

C. D. Parham, messenger for the Southern Express, is responsible for the following story: While at Texarkana, in discharge of his duties, he purchased some peaches of a boy who was vending them on the depot platform. They were unusually large and fine, being of the clingstone order, and Mr. Parham devoured the first one with great relish. The second one was even more toothsome, and after removing all the meat that was possible from the stone, he placed the latter in his mouth while he turned to attend to some duty. Several times he felt something tickle the roof of his mouth, and when at leisure again he examined the stone carefully. Protruding from one edge of it he discovered something that resembled a spider's leg, and when touched with a knife gave evidence of life. Mr. Parham called to his side George Stanton, an Iron Mountain engineer, and J. R. Martin, agent for the Southern Express at Texarkana. The stone was carefully opened with a knife, and there snugly imbedded was a centipede. It was in a torpid state at first, but the sunlight brought it into full vigor in a very few seconds, and it began to look around for a place of more safety. It was placed under a hat until a bottle could be procured. It was forced into its new glass prison and securely corked with the intention of bringing it to St. Louis. On the trip the bottle was accidentally broken and Mr. Parham was compelled, much against his will, to kill his dangerous prisoner. It measured a fraction less than two inches in length.

A centless affair, an editor's pocket-book.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Bret Harte on the California Miners.

Bret Harte said in a recent lecture: Salt Lake City supplied a resting place for the Argonauts from the East, and they had so little confidence in the success of their mission that one of them said that the sluice-boxes which they carried to wash the gold would, in the event of ill success, make first-class coffins. They fell on strange fates, and exile revealed to them unsuspected capacities. The lecturer was attended at a restaurant by a waiter who bore a strange resemblance to a person he had always admired as the model of refined good breeding. Not caring to wound the feelings of the waiter—who carried a revolver—Mr. Harte had inquired of the proprietor of the hotel whether the waiter was not in fact a person who in the East had filled a much higher position. The landlord confirmed the suspicion, and added that his servant's command of language often beguiled the visitor who was waiting for a plate delayed. The varied capabilities of these emigrants depended on their character; but what their character was he had rather not say. Some had left behind them wives and families; some of them had left behind them officers of the law, deploring their absence. But their past was no clew to their future. "The boys seem to have taken a fresh deal all around," observed a noted gambler to Mr. Harte; and the gambler was himself an illustration. He came of a family who would not touch cards because they held such things too trifling and amusing, but might perhaps have been converted by the remark their descendant made on rising with $5,000 after ten minutes' play, "to think there is folks as believes that boards is a waste of time!" In San Francisco in those early days everybody played; and when a gambler died at the table, and three doctors who happened to be there examined him and pronounced that the cause of death was disease of the heart, the coroner, who was accidentally present, impaneled a jury from the other players, who returned a verdict in accordance with the evidence, and went on with the game.

Female society was so scarce that even a gratuitously ugly face was followed by admirers. A married captain's wife was escorted home from a ball by every officer in the garrison, and observed that now at length she understood the meaning of the expression, "the pleasure of your company." When a baby cried in the theater everybody shouted "encore." The miner lived a wilder life upon the hills. For clothes his reliance was on the meal sack that robed his outer after it had nourished his inner man, his track was marked with empty oyster cans; he met the native upon the common footing of beans. He was generous to a fault. The "sanitary" subscription by which North and South benefited alike, was started in a California bar. "It is rough upon them poor fellows; I am sorry for them." "How much are you sorry?" "Four hundred dollars." The next man gave $1,00; in halt an hour donations of $15,000 were telegraphed to Washington, and the total subscription of California was $3,000,000 gold. The miners were, above all, loyal to their partners, and loved them with a love surpassing that of women. It was dangerous to interfere with partners' quarrels, and once a stranger at a bar, who had not, so far as he knew, given offense to any person present, suddenly found himself upon the floor and a tall Kentuckian standing over him with his revolver out. When the tall gentleman was courteously asked for an explanation, he said: "I ain't nothing against the stranger myself, but he said something just now against Quakers, and I want him to understand that my partner is a Quaker and a peaceful man."

The Argonauts were not prone to sentimentalisms, although they knew what homesickness was; and when they dealt in sarcasm their innuendo was grim and striking. Lynch law determined that horse-stealing should be punished by death; but once a jury took several minutes after retiring to consider their verdict, perhaps from humanity, perhaps because there had, in consequence of the rigor of the law, been a great mortality among the male population. The leader of the crowd put his head in the jury room and said he did not wish to hurry the gentlemen, but they wanted that room to lay out the corpse in.

What We Call "Terra Firma."

The rivers of the sea, apart from the astonishment and wonder which their stupendous proportions must arouse in the mind of the student of nature, present themselves to us as a subject of paramount interest, when we consider the part which they have played and are still playing in the building up of the topmost layer of the solid earth crust, in the perpetual changes of climatic conditions, in the distribution of vegetable and animal life over the surface of our planet, and last, not least, in the recent history of ocean navigation, by which the inhabitants of the most distant lands have been brought into close intercourse with each other. The erosive action of currents constantly tends to alter the configuration of the coast lines, by taking away land in one place and depositing it elsewhere. Again, immense quantities of sediment carried by all the rivers of the world into the sea are taken up by the currents and spread over the bed of the ocean. Geologists tell us that nearly all, if not all, the dry land at present existing has at one time been at the bottom of the sea, an assertion confirmed by the fact that the strata which compose some of the loftiest mountain ranges have evidently been deposited in ages long past upon the floor of the ocean, and still retain the remains of the animals which disported themselves in the seas of former days. What we are still in the habit of calling "terra firma" is proved by modern observations to be in constant motion, rising and falling like the heaving breast of some mighty monster, whose arms stretch far beneath the waves. By the action of the subterraneous forces, as yet unexplained, vast areas of the earth-crust are depressed below or lifted up above the level of the sea, and we are beginning at last to understand the truth of the maxim, that there is nothing stable in the universe of created things except the unstable.—*Science for All.*

Give the Boys Tools.

Almost all boys are naturally mechanics. The constructive and imitative faculties are developed, in part, at a very early age. All boys are not capable of being developed into good, practical, working mechanics, but most of them show their bent that way. There are few cases in which the boy has no competent idea of the production of a fabricated result from inorganic material, but such cases are rare. Given the proper encouragement and the means, and many boys whose mechanical aptness is allowed to run to waste, or is diverted from its natural course, would become good workmen, useful producing members of the industrial community.

The mechanical boy ought to have a shop of his own. Let it be the attic or an unused room, or a place in the barn or woodshed. Give him a place and tools. Let him have a good pocketknife, gimlets, chisels, gouges, planes, cutting-nippers, saws, a foot-rule, and material to work. Let the boy have a chance. If he is a mechanic it will come out, and he will do himself credit. If he fails he is to follow some calling that does not demand mechanical skill.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

The number of cattle killed per year in the United States is 11,825,000, the meat from which amount to 4,088,300,000 pounds, and their total value when killed for food is $608,200,000.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Cows as Milk Producers.

The advice is frequently given to take good care of the cows, and such advice is excellent. No class of animals require more care, and if it were possible for every farmer to attend to his own cows, no doubt they would receive better care than they do now. And yet it is no uncommon thing to find a man who keeps but one cow neglecting to milk her till after eight o'clock at night. In fact in such cases the hours for milking are any time from five in the morning till nine at night. Cows do not have good care unless they are milked regularly and at least twice a day. They would give more milk if milked three times, but if milking is confined to twice a day it should be performed at regular hours. When the cow's bag becomes full it is painful to her and she becomes uneasy, on which account there is a loss of milk, and inflammation is induced by the pressure of the milk against the veins and arteries. Circulation is also impeded, and the healthy functions of the bag are seriously interfered with. The manner in which the cows are milked is of great importance. The advice to milk clean is universal, and all say that they follow this rule, but every cow will not give down her milk to any milker, and while there are few who admit that they are indifferent milkers, there are really very few good ones. One great reason why there are so few good milkers is, that there are very few who like to milk, and it is a matter of doubt whether persons can excel in any occupation for which they have no taste. Their endeavors to excel will, to say the least, be very feeble.

No doubt one great reason why we have so many indifferent cows is because we have such a number of indifferent milkers. We fear that the number of good milkers will not be increased till we can obtain more men who have a natural love for animals. No man will make an animal his patient study who has no love for it; but many owners of cattle have no particular liking for them except so far as they have money invested in them. Their hobby is not cattle, it is money. The hired man does not engage himself to take care of the cattle because he has any particular liking for them, but simply for the money he obtains for his services, and in this case master and man would be upon a par, and the care given to the animals be dependent upon these conditions. The proper feeding of domestic animals is quite important, and to feed cattle judiciously requires care and thoughtfulness. A cow should never be over fed. She should never be allowed to fall off in her milk, either in quantity or quality. Her feeding should be as regular as her milking. In summer strict watch should be kept of the pastures; if they begin to fail then other feed should be supplemented, either fodder corn or some of the green cereals. An extra good cow ought on no account to be forced to give milk beyond her normal quantity. If this is done it will be at the expense of her constitution as well as that of her progeny. It is a matter of doubt whether there is immediate profit in the production of the extra quart or two of milk. It takes a certain amount of feed to sustain life, and the next consideration as to feed is profit. Beyond a rational amount of food, even if the animal can digest it, there can be no profit.

Again, no two cows will eat the same amount of food, while perhaps one cow prefers a little different feed from another; and to these points the feeder should pay a good deal of attention. See that they all have enough, none of them too much; then if one cow prefers a finer, and another will eat a coarser grown hay, see that they are both accustoming to their preferences, and do not have the coarse hay fed to one which prefers fine and the fine to one which would eat the coarse. If the cows have to drink from any place other than brook or river, do not turn out more than two at a time. Many of our hired men expect a cow to drink like a horse, which they certainly do not. Lead a horse to the trough, and he will drink immediately or not at all; but a cow will put her muzzle in the water, lips and sip a mouthful half a dozen times before she begins to drink in good earnest. Some cows, however, will drink immediately. But in case of either cows or horses, proper care cannot be taken of them till their peculiarities are well understood; and whoever undertakes to make the most of his stock must make every individual one a special study. If cows are watered out of a pail, it may be found that one animal will drink only from a certain pail, and if a change is made it will be instantly detected. Few cows will eat hay that another cow has breathed upon. It is well to humor the animal in such cases, while studying to supply the proper quantity and quality of food.

Some cows are much more nervous than others. Excitement not only reduces the quantity but also the quality of the milk. Again, some cows are quite sensitive. When being driven to or from the pasture the mistress of the herd will usually lead while the others quietly follow; but if one usurps the place of the leader it is not unusual for such displacing to affect both the quantity and quality of her milk. Wounded ambition so preys upon her that in many cases her usefulness will be found to be seriously impaired. The mistress of a herd has been turned out dry into a pasture separate from the herd with two young heifers, and over these she tyrannized till they combined against her and mastered her. Ever after that either would drive her, although the rest of the herd recognized her as mistress.—*American Cultivator.*

Fertilizers on Potatoes.

Professor Lazenby, of the Cornell experiment station, Ithaca, N. Y., gives the result of a number of experiments he tried with fertilizers on potatoes, the seed consisting of medium sized tubers cut into halves, dropped a foot and a half apart in the row and covered five inches deep. The fertilizers were strewed along the furrows and well mixed with the soil before planting. With no manure, the product was at the rate of 139 bushels per acre; and with Stockbridge fertilizer only 135 bushels, probably a natural variation from no manure, and showing it of no value on that soil. Hen manure gave 145 bushels, Peruvian guano 158, Lister's superphosphates 184, and ground bone 219. Farm-yard manure, spread along the bottom of the furrow and the seed dropped on it, gave only 163 bushels, but placed above the tubers the result was 207 bushels. This difference might have been owing to several causes—as the greater depth of the seed under the manures, more moisture and a wider spread of the manure.

The Value of Hoeing.

An English farmer does not agree with those who say that one good weeding is worth two hoeings. He says, never weed any crop in which a hoe can be got between the plants, not so much for the sake of destroying the weeds and vermin, which must necessarily be the case if the hoeing be done well, as for increasing the porosity of the soil, to allow the water and air to penetrate freely through it. He adds: "I am well convinced, by long and close practice, that oftentimes there is more benefit derived by crops from keeping them well hoed than there is from the manure applied. Weeds or no weeds, I still keep stirring the soil, well knowing from practice the very beneficial effect it has."

The assessed value of land in the chief cities of Iowa is as follows: Des Moines, $3,593,000; Dubuque, $3,533,304; Davenport, $2,620,810; Burlington, $2,708,102; Keokuk, $2,046,582.

The people of Zurich, by a vote, maintained the idea that involuntary vaccination is good for the general health.

A Terrific Volcanic Eruption.

The Central American volcano Fuego, near the city of Antigua, Guatemala, has after many years of silence and apparent rest, in which there was little to determine its character as a volcano except occasional emissions of smoke and odd rumbling noises from within, burst out in an angry and terrific eruption. As seen from the deck of the Pacific Mail steamer Wilmington by the officer on watch, at a distance, as the crow flies, of nearly fifty miles, the spectacle was magnificent. From the highest peak of the Fuego great columns of flame darted up into the air to a height, as nearly as could be determined, of from 400 to 500 feet. The surrounding country to the east and south was illuminated by the tremendous glare of the flames, while to the northward and westward the clouds of dust and smoke which accompanied the conflagration obscured the whole country.

An eye-witness says: "The first grand column of fire rose at least 500 feet in height, solid and smooth, and then the top, expanding, opened out like an umbrella, the sparks coruscating like those from a brilliant rocket. The pulsations of flame during the first two hours of the eruption were about fifty seconds apart, strong and regular."

Less than half an hour after the eruption began, two strong streams of lava were seen making their way slowly down the mountain, one southward, toward the city of Antigua, and the other westward, toward the sea. As the molten masses moved along, consuming everything combustible in their track, destroying the forests and licking up the small streams which they encountered, great volumes of smoke and steam rose from their desolating track. Until the morning dawned fully, the lava streams could be seen moving toward the valleys below, while above, the red flames and their attendant smoke and dust shot upward into the air. A river, the Guacalate, which has its origin on the western slope of the mountain, had a sudden and remarkable accession of water of considerably increased temperature, probably from the breaking out of hot springs from the mountain side, or a possible flow of water from some of the openings in the crateritself.

A Wholesale Poisoner.

Here is a case of poisoning which, for wholesale characteristics, resembles the exploits of a Brinvilliers. It happened in Paris, and the poisoner was a baker. Louis Baude, aged thirty-two, was employed by M. Duboc, a baker living in the Rue St. Denis. Baude made the bread, delivered it to customers, received the money, and cheated his employer. This nefarious business he carried on for three years, until the baker's wife found it out in February last. On being taxed with the theft, Baude promised reform, but being indebted for the stolen money, Monsieur Duboc kept back a portion of his wages and all the money the workman received as a Christmas present from his customers. This enraged Baude, who was determined on his revenge. Having become acquainted with a glass-worker, who used arsenic in his business, by various pretexts Baude obtained quite a quantity of it. First he fed the poison on the baker's horse, and killed him. Another horse was bought by his master, and the second animal died. Having thus graduated in the business, Baude then entered into scheme of poisoning not only his master and mistress, but all the people who were customers for Duboc's bread. In April of this year he managed to get in to the room where the dough was kept, and poured into it a quantity of arsenic. The effects of this poisoning were felt by no less than 300 persons. Fortunately, no one died, for the distribution of the arsenic in so many loaves of bread had been small. Before the court, Baude declared that he had obtained arsenic to kill rats with, and that some of it had fallen out of his pocket into the dough. The Cour d'Assises of the Seine did not believe him, and Baude was condemned to death. French criminal law in a case of this kind does not take into account the fact that no one had died, but punishes a man who in his professional calling has the exceptional opportunity of causing an injury. Additional punishment is meted out in France to a servant who robs his master.

Man in America.

Professor Flower, in a recent letter on the "Anatomy of Man," before the Royal College of Surgeons, London, discussed at some length the question of his origin on the American continent. Till recently, opinions on the early peopling of America had been divided between the views that the inhabitants of this continent were a distinct indigenous people, and therefore not related to those of any other land; and that they were descended from an Asiatic people who, in comparatively recent times, pass

The Centre Reporter.

P. GRAY MEEK ..... EDITOR

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Aug. 26, 1880.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.
WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,
OF INDIANA.

STATE TICKET.

SUPREME JUDGE,
GEORGE A. JENKS, Jefferson County.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
ROBERT P. DECHERT, Philadelphia.

IMPORTANT TO VOTERS.

The next Election in Pennsylvania will be held on Tuesday, November 2, 1880.

Voters must be assessed two months before the Election—that is, on or before September 2.

The Assessors must be at the election house on Wednesday and Thursday, September 1st and 2nd, from 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m. of each day, for the purpose of correcting the list of Voters, by adding names thereto or striking them off.

To secure their votes, Voters must have paid a State or County Tax one month before the Election and within the two years immediately preceding the date of one month before the Election. The last day for paying Tax this year is October 2nd.

Any republican who doubts about Garfield being guilty of perjury and dabbling in Credit Mobilier, let him come to the REPORTER office, we have here the official document, printed by the government under a radical administration in 1873, to prove it.

Who wants to learn the truth? Step in, and see it, will gladly show you the evidence.

It is said that money is being sent over from England to aid the election of Hancock, in view of the fact that the ir running on a free-trade platform This is not to be wondered at.—*Bellef. Republican.*

A falsehood, for which we defy you to bring the shadow of proof.

"Gen. Hancock, that grand old fellow, the democrats have not the good sense to nominate him."—Beaver, in his Chicago splurt.

Well, the democrats had the good sense, now Beaver hasn't got the good sense to support "that grand old fellow."

The Democrats are asking northern people to vote for Hancock because he was a good and loyal soldier during the war. So he was. So was General Garfield and so was General Arthur, but we don't see any military title to English's name. If they have all at once got so much in love with Union soldiers they should vote the Republican ticket. We offer the people two "superb" soldiers, the Democrats only one.—Wmsport Bulletin, rad.

Yes, but your superb soldier only served on the edges of the army 2 years. Ours, Hancock, served thro' two wars.

Your superb soldier Garfield, has been proven guilty of perjury on so little a matter as $329. Hancock has not.

Your superb soldier, Garfield, has been caught in the Credit Mobilier swindle. Hancock has not.

Your superb soldier, Garfield, has been found guilty of taking a $5000 bribe. Hancock has not.

Your superb soldier, Garfield, has been found a helper in the enormous pavement swindle. Hancock has not.

Your superb soldier had favored the salary grab. Hancock did not.

Your superb soldier helped to vote away the public lands to railroad monopolies. Hancock did not.

Your superb soldier has helped all the swindles and jobs. Hancock has a record without a blemish.

That's the difference.

Gen. Beaver, look here: You are a "Christian statesman," and often address Sunday school gatherings. Now we admit that it is good to have "Christian statesmen" who are Christian statesmen. Now General, would you have the courage to go before a Sunday school gathering and say to the children that Garfield is an exemplary man, when you know that the Poland committee, instituted by your own party, found Garfield guilty of perjury? If not, how can you have the cheek to do this before men who are aware of these facts?

Think of this General, when you lie down in your "little bed."

The N. Y. Herald of Wednesday says: "The Democratic campaign, as prosecuted from the headquarters of the National Committee, is, in the judgment of members of the committee, the most vigorous canvass that has been made in years. Never before, not even in the memorable campaign of 1876, have such enthusiastic advices been received, and never, it is reported, have so many Republicans announced an intention to support the Democratic ticket. Among the letters received at the headquarters Tuesday were several from gentlemen who have hitherto been in sympathy with Republicanism, but who now say that they intend to vote for Hancock and English."

Two-thirds of the Republican members of Dahlgren Post, No. 113, Gr. Army of the Republic, New York City, which had its annual pic nic and camp last week, are for Hancock.

The commander of Dahlgren Post, Joseph Hadfield, is a Republican. When asked how he would vote in the coming election he said he had always voted the Republican ticket and intended to vote for Garfield because he was a Republican. When asked why he would not rather vote for so distinguished a soldier as Hancock, Mr. Hadfield became quite angry without any apparent reason. "There are plenty of Hancock men in this post," he said when he became calm again; "almost all the independent soldiers will vote for Hancock. We have 340 members in our post, and the majority of them are Republicans. Yet Hancock will get fully 200 votes from the post because he is a great soldier. Of course, I vote as I please, and I do not attempt to influence the votes of my friends.

Finely inscribed medals are being struck for Grant's old guard, the 306, who stood by him through the stormy Chicago convention.

The army should have nothing to do with the selection or inauguration of Presidents. The people elect the President. The Congress declares in a joint session who he is! We of the army have only to obey his mandates, and are protected in so doing only so far as they may be lawful. Hancock to Sherman, December, 1876.

The Clinton democracy unanimously instructed for Curtin, for congress.

FACTS FOR TAX-PAYERS.

The official records show that since the democrats have control of congress, from 25 to 40 million dollars are saved annually in the government expenditures. So much for the benefit of the nation.

In our own state the official record shows that republican rule is extravagant.

The last democratic administration, under Packer, '58 to '60, the expenses were $1,209,849.17—or 42cts per capita.

Under Curtin, (now a democrat) in a time of war and high prices, '64 to '66, the expenses were $1,885,157.68—or 59 per capita.

Under Geary '67 to '69, $2,453,148.64—or 72cts per cap.

Geary '70 to '72, expenses $2,808,305.07—or 78 cts per capita.

Under Hartranft '73 to '75, expenses $3,279,215.28, or 87 cts per capita.

Under Hartranft '76 to '77, expenses $2,483,933.78, or 97 per capita.

So it will be seen that under radical rule the expenses kept growing, growing, from year to year, far beyond anything under democratic rule. Tax-payers of Centre county, ponder over such facts.

SENATOR HAMPTON'S SPEECH AT STAUNTON.

The Bellefonte Republican and other Cr. Mob. organs may read this from the Herald of 16, with profit:

A harrowing paragraph purporting to be a literal extract from a dreadful speech made by Senator Hampton, of South Carolina, at Staunton, Va., on July 26, is having an extensive circulation in the partisan republican press and furnishes a text for the most paroxysmal exhibitions of campaign rhetoric. One journal in this city keeps it standing at the head of it editorial page. It represents Mr. Hampton as urging support of General Hancock for President on the ground that the political principles of the democratic party are the same for which Generals Lee and Jackson fought in the rebellion.

A report of this speech which we have received from Senator Hampton and print in another column does not contain the paragraph in question. We find in it predictions of evil consequences to result from the possible election of General Garfield which are extravagant, such as that "we shall behold no more free elections and no more untrammelled expression of political sentiment;" but it contains no phrase which is literally like that which republican journals and speakers put into his mouth nor any which by a fair construction can be tortured into its significance.

"Turn and turn about" is no more than fair. Since the republicans deem that Mr. Hampton's view of what are the principles of the democratic party is so valuable, for the sake of fair play let them now quote for a while his view of what the principles of their own party are.

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Will the Lewistown *Gazette*, Bellefonte *Republican*, and such, please publish the short extract from the Poland Credit Mobilier report, which says that they find Garfield guilty; also from the same where Oakes Ames proves his guilt, and then where Garfield swears he did not meddle with Credit Mobilier?

If not, why not?

Garfield left his "soft" position in the army, after two years nominal service, during six months of which he was absent on sick leave at the North, and returned home to electioneer for Congress. Hayes says a man who would do this thing ought to be "scalped." In Congress.

He took a bribe of $5,000 from the De Golyer paving contractors, the avowed purpose of the ring being to secure ready access to the United States treasury, over which Garfield was supposed to keep guard as Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations.

He accepted a Credit Mobilier bribe of ten shares of stock, paid for out of accruing dividends, leaving a balance of $329 which he took in cash from Oakes Ames, and then swore to a falsehood about it.

He introduced in the House the back pay salary grab, advocated, and voted for its passage. He pocketed the steal and only returned it to the Treasury when he had been commanded to do so by Republican Conventions of his district.

He voted for and was largely instrumental in passing the tariff bills of 1870 and 1872, which made great reductions in the duties on iron, steel, coal, glass, and cotton and woolen fabrics. These reductions made the recent heavy importations possible which have crippled American industries, reduced wages and thrown thousands out of employment.

He voted for the free trade scheme to continue the customs tax on tea and coffee. His vote put a tax on every poor man's breakfast table.

He was one of the "visiting statesmen" at New Orleans, who counseled old Wells and the Returning Board in their monstrous crime of stealing the electoral vote of Louisiana.

He opposed the Electoral Commission bill in Congress, on the ground that it gave the Commission power "to go behind the returns."

But, as a member of the Commission, under solemn oath to act "impartially," he voted the Commission had no power to receive evidence, and was one of the 8 to 7 who defied fraud and overthrew the will of the American people.

He has recently taken an initiative in a bloody shirt and sectional campaign in obedience to the requirements of the Stalwart bosses, although a year ago he declared in Congress with great solemnity and emphasis that "the man who attempts to get up a political excitement in this country on the old sectional issues will find himself without a party and without support."

The army is laboring under disadvantages and has been used unlawfully at times in the judgment of the people (in mine certainly), and we have lost a great deal of the kindly feeling which the community at large once felt for us. "It is time to stop and unload." Hancock to Sherman, December, 1876.

HENDRICKS ON GARFIELD.

Mr. Hendricks of Indiana, in a speech at Indianapolis, on 12, speaking of Garfield, said:

Of Garfield's nomination Mr. Hendricks says: "It means the endorsement and approval in the most positive and offensive manner possible of the Presidential fraud of 1876-77. He had more to do with it than any other man and was the only man who occupied toward it double relation. After the election Garfield went to New Orleans by request of General Grant, without authority of law, as a partisan. He went there to assist his party in making up a case, and after his return to Washington, of all his associates, he was the only man who took his seat upon the Electoral Commission. By every sentiment of fair play he should have been excluded from the jury box, by his own sworn statement of what he did in New Orleans. Garfield had charge of the returns from West Felaciana Parish. In one of the inner rooms of the Packard Custom House, he did his work, examined affidavits, and when they were not sufficiently full he prepared and had prepared additional interrogatories to bring them within the rule adopted by the Returning Board. The testimony so revised by Garfield went back to the Returning Board, and the result was that West Felaciana, with its Democratic majority, was thrown out. In Washington Garfield's vote was that Congress could not go behind the returns thus made. As the agent for his party he helped to make the returns by manipulating the evidence and as a juryman for the nation he held such evidence conclusive and binding.

Garfield's Treachery.

In respect to the action of Congress upon this question, I have thought and said that the wrongs done to individuals were swallowed up and lost in the greater wrong and outrage upon the people and their institutions. But in respect to James A. Garfield other considerations arise. He accepted (perhaps sought) a place upon the tribunal that was to decide, not only questions of public right, but also the claims of individuals to the great offices. He did that when he had formed a purpose to decide against those whose claim was supported by the preponderance of the vote. He was disqualified by his formed and avowed purpose and also by his participation in the preparatory work. For that I challenge him before the bar of public opinion and I do this in the name of public and private right; in the name of justice, fair play and universal law. I think the great body of the people now think and know, that the incumbents of the offices of President and Vice President were not elected, but that they were inaugurated without right. Are any of you willing to endorse the great wrong? By your vote will you say that General Garfield did right? Shall it be made an honored precedent or a condemned crime?

Mr. Hendricks arraigns the administration for putting in place full a hundred persons connected with this great crime, whose salaries amount to a quarter of a million dollars—the price American people are compelled to pay for the consumation of the greatest fraud in American history.

"The great Principles of American Liberty are still the lawful Inheritance of this People, and ever should be.

The right of trial by Jury, the Habeas Corpus, the Liberty of the Press, the Freedom of Speech, the Natural Rights of Persons, and the Rights of Property, must be preserved."

[Extract from Order of Gen'l Hancock, of Nov. 29, 1867.]

Republican congressman Killinger, of the Dauphin and Lebanon district, tells you in a letter, in this issue of the REPORTER, what kind of a tariff man Garfield is. Read it.

Chicago rather overdid the thing in fleecing the gallant Sir Knights. There was extortion everywhere and for everything. Beer was advanced to ten cents and "circus lemonade" fifteen. Lunches and dinners at the same rate, and admission to the club house at the Jockey Club grounds two dollars, and everything ordered extra. Water without ice was sold at five cents and with ice ten cents. This is a sample of Chicago hospitality, and its fame is being carried by returning Knights to the most remote corners of the land. The Chicago papers are now engaged in scalping the committees of arrangement.

MIFFLIN DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS: Congress, Hon. A. Reed; State Senate, Colonel John B. Selheimer; Assembly, John M. Bell; Prothonotary, Henry A. Lantz; Register and Recorder, Joseph E. Williams; District Attorney, H. J. Walters; Director of Poor, Robert M. Taylor; Coroner. W. W. Trout; Surveyor, Jno. Swartzell.

Mr. B. Mayer, a heavy clothier of New York city, writes to the New York Sun as follows: "I have 150 men employed in my shop, and at the last Presidential election 125 of them voted for Hayes and were Republicans. Saturday they took a vote which showed 120 Hancock men among them.

The members of the noted Keene wheat syndicate, which was organized over a year ago for the purpose of bulling the wheat market and forcing up its price, have lost several million dollars. At one time they had bought 16,000,000 bushels wheat.

The United States Grand Jury in New York have declared that the Sewanhaka disaster was due to the criminal carelessness of certain Government officials and the officers and owners of the vessel. They indicted them for manslaughter and warrants.

John Sherman says "there were no Republicans in the rebel army; no, not one." The hardest fight Hancock ever had was with Longstreet, on the heights at Gettysburg, and this Republican administration sends Longstreet Minister to Turkey at $7,500 a year. Then there is Mosby, to say nothing of Colonel Key, C. S. A., in Hayes' Cabinet and Akerman a Northern born Confederate soldier in Grant's John Sherman's forgetfulness has the genious of lying.

A letter received from Boston, Massachusetts, says: "A large number of Republicans, disgusted with the conduct of the Chicago Convention and their nominees, will vote for Hancock. Boston will give between 10,000 and 12,000 Democratic majority, and a large increase of the Democratic vote may be expected in all the cities and towns of the State."

Mr. Gingrich, the Postmaster of Campbellstown, Lebanon county, Pa., and his brother, both Republicans, have come out for Hancock.

Lots of republicans are hollering, "Hurrah for Hanfield." These are half converted already to the hero of Gettysburg.

One whole republican club at Washington has gone over to Hancock. We are in receipt of news every day from all sections of the country of converts to Hancock.

MRS. HANCOCK MUST PRODUCE THEM.

[From the Chicago Times.]

Mrs. Hancock must submit the general's love letters for publication. They are suspected of containing treasonable utterances, or at any rate of having been written by Jere Black.

ANOTHER ORGAN WITH ITS FOOT IN IT.

Indianapolis Journal, Rep., Feb. 26, 1873.

Every member of Congress who deliberately handled Credit Mobilier stock is unworthy of future confidence.

Our regular army has little hold upon the affections of the people of today, and its superior officers should certainly, as far as lies in their power, legally and with righteous intent aim to defend the right, which to us is THE LAW, and the institution which they represent. It is a well-meaning institution, and it would be well if it should have an opportunity to be recognized as a bulwark in support of the rights of the people and of THE LAW.—Hancock to Sherman, December, 1876.

FIRING AT THE FLAG.

Some of the Garfieldites in Harris township have been firing at the American flag on the Hancock pole at Boalsburg, the object being to shoot it down, at night. Gen. Dix said, at the outbreak of the war, "If any man attempts to tear down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Men who support a candidate who has been found guilty of perjury and who has been in all the jobs to plunder the U. S. Treasury, of course will not hesitate to fire at the flag of our country—this is just what rebels did, and men who do it now are no better. Hancock and the democracy can stand this and put up another flag when the above is fired to pieces by the Garfieldites.

A SUBMARINE DISCOVERY.

The officers of the Coast Survey announce the discovery of a submarine plateau under the Gulf Stream off Charleston the existence of which had not been suspected, but which must exert an important influence on the Gulf Stream temperature and also on the climate of our Southern seabord. In running a line of deep sea dredgings, off Charleston Commander Bartlett was recently surprised to find in the axis of the great stream depths of from 233 to 450 fathoms only, where it was thought they would range from 600 to 1,000 fathoms. This "swell of land" rising from the Atlantic bottom was found stretching eastward 150 miles between the parallels of 32 and 32½ degrees, at the northeastern terminus of which the depth of water suddenly increased from about 450 to 1,386 fathoms.

The submerged ridge projecting from the Carolina coast must obviously serve as a fender or bar to deflect from our Southern seaboard the underflow of Arctic water coming from Newfoundland, and, by forcing the glacial stream far to the eastward, it thus allows the great "river in the sea" to retain its tropical heat, unreduced by commixture with the polar undercurrent, all the way from the Gulf to Charleston. This inference from the recent coast survey soundings is confirmed by the temperatures of the Gulf Stream on the Admiralty chart, which shows a decided cooling of the stream after it passes north of Charleston, and also, what is more remarkable, that in September (when the ocean is at its warmest) the stream is warmer between Charleston and the Florida Channel than it is even in the Gulf itself. The peculiar topography of the Atlantic bottom off the Carolina coast, it would seem explains also the fact, which has lately excited much surprise, that the immense June flow of ice-bearing water from Newfoundland made no impression on the temperature of the Southern seaboard. The summer of 1875, like that of 1880, opened with an exceptionally large number of icebergs moving off the coast southward; but, contrary to popular opinion, these ice masses and the swollen polar stream that bore them had no effect in lowering the air temperatures from Nantucket to Florida. Could the icy water have surged up against the shore a different result would have been felt. We may therefore conclude that not only off Charleston, but possibly off Cape Cod also, there exists a submarine barrier projecting out into the Atlantic, intercepting the volume of heavy glacial water moving southwestwardly over the sea bed, and thus securing throughout summer the extraordinarily high temperature of eighty degrees, which is observed in the western edge of the Gulf Stream all the way from Cape Hatteras up to Nantucket Shoals.

As these invisible features of the ocean floor off our coasts have an important bearing on the sea temperature and climate of the numerous seaside resorts from Cape Cod to Cape Hatteras, their accurate exploration is of growing interest and should be made complete.

ASSEMBLY—DR. P. S. FISHER.

It is gratifying to know that Dr. P. S. Fisher, Zion, will be a leading candidate for the Legislature the ensuing campaign. The Doctor has always been an enthusiastic and energetic supporter of Democracy, which, coupled with his sterling qualities as a gentleman, and his excellent ability and good judgement, make him a most desirable candidate, and has the highest claims to the office. His nomination will be hailed with joy by all loyal democrats of Gregg township.

Spring Mills, Pa., Aug. 20, 1880.

GARFIELD AND FREE TRADE.

When the Republican Congressional caucus in October, 1877, at the organization of the called session, nominated James A. Garfield for speaker, a number of Pennsylvania members of that faith refused to vote for him. Among the number were Judge Kelly of Philadelphia, Russell Errett of Pittsburg, T. M. Bayne of Allegheny and John W. Killinger of Lebanon. Killinger had been a member of Congress a good many years before and was one of the ablest Republican Representatives from this State, his district being composed of Dauphin, Lebanon and Northumberland. He gave his reasons for refusing to vote for Garfield in the following letter, which may be of interest to coal miners, iron manufacturers and wool growers:

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Times:

In reply to the inquiry, I will say that in the vote for speaker we chose the lesser of two evils. We could not elect the speaker and the only significance our action had was its indication or expression of confidence in the nominee on the great and vital question of protection to our industries and employment for laborers. In my judgement all other questions are subordinate to this. When, therefore, the caucus determined to compliment Mr. Garfield in this way I had to choose between sanctioning by my vote such an action or to express my dissent by withholding it. Mr. Garfield's record on this question is well known to the country, and some of it has come under by own observation. I could not, therefore, pass it by as insignificant or unimportant. Without meaning any disrespect to him I am compelled to say that his status has been equivocal, if not actually hostile, to the opinions we hold in Pennsylvania. I have never found him to stand squarely for protection. He would not be accepted by the Republicans of my district as an exponent of their views. I could not compliment him with their vote for the speakership without manifest inconsistency and doing violence to all my convictions of duty and principle. No friend of our American system of revenue and finance has ever been complimented with honorary membership in the British free trade leagues. The object of these leagues is well known to be the strengthening of British influence in foreign countries. They aim to secure markets here for British manufactures and to that extent are hostile to our home industries. In common with William C Bryant, Samuel S. Cox and D. A. Wells, notorious free traders, Mr. Garfield stands in connection with such a league. So long as he retains such connection and does not disavow its pernicious heresies, I do not see how to acquit him of holding the opinions of his British co-laborers. It needed some resolution to express our dissent from the conclusion reached by the caucus. The Republican organization should be maintained by the party's representatives, especially at this juncture, when we are threatened with disintegration in high quarters. But unless we can at the same time maintain the principles which gave value and vitality to the organization party ties will weaken and our early dissolution is certain. So I chose the lesser of the two evils in withholding the vote of the 14th district from a nominee who fails to be in accord with its people on the greatest question before the country.

J. W. KILLINGER.

WASHINGTON, October 17, 1877.

From the New York Tribune, Feb. 26, 1873.

Mr. Ames establishes very clearly the point that he was not alone in this offence. *If he is to be expelled for bribery, the men who were bribed should go with him.*

And why not tell them to get the New York *Times* another leading radical paper which contained the following:

Ogdensburg, N. Y., August 15.—The round house of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain railway, in this city, containing five locomotives, was totally destroyed by fire this morning.

GARFIELD'S PART

IN THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL RASCALITY OF 1876.

"Carter, If You had the Cards, Would't You Play Them.

[From James R. Doolittle's Speech at Indianapolis.]

All the world knows, for there is not an intelligent man in the United States of any party who does not know that the Tilden electors in Louisiana received of the votes cast from 6,000 to 9,000 majority. Mr. Garfield, who was one of those who went to New Orleans in November, 1876, knew this to be the fact. I quote what Senator Trumbull said upon this point as to facts stated upon his personal knowledge:

"I was present when the returns from every parish in that State were brought to New Orleans, and according to those returns, before they were doctored and altered, made by the instruments of the Republican party themselves, the Tilden electors had a majority ranging from 6,000 to 9,000 votes. Gen. Garfield was at New Orleans. He knew these returns fairly elected Mr. Tilden President. He stood by when that infamous Returning Board, without law and by fraud rejected the votes of the people. He went to Washington and sat upon the Commission ef fifteen. After these returns had been fraudulently made, and when the question came up before the Commission whether, the returns being fraudulent, they could go behind them. I appeared before that Commission. We were required to state in writing the reasons why the vote of Louisiana should not be given to Mr. Hayes, and we put it down in writing that we were prepared to prove that a majority of the free votes of Louisiana were given for the Tilden electors. We offered to prove that by a conspiracy entered into between the Governor of that State, William Pitt Kellogg, who appointed every officer that controlled the elections in the State, that by a conspiracy entered into by him and the Returning Board, it was agreed that whatever the vote might be they would give the certificate of election to the Hayes electors. Garfield sat on that Commission. He said: 'We won't let you prove it. You are concluded by the returns.' As a member of the Electoral Commission, sworn to try judicially and determine the right of the case, whether Tilden and Hendricks or Hayes and Wheeler had, the rightful majority, he refused to examine and try the very question and the only question they were appointed by law to try and determine, viz: Whether a majority of the votes of Louisiana were cast for the Tilden electors or the Hayes electors. Certainly there was not so big a fool in either House of Congress, as not to know that Well's Returning Board certificate had been given to the Hayes electors. The only question the Commission was to try was whether that certificate was true or false. Garfield knew it was false, and because he knew it was he refused to try the question. If he believed it was true, he would have heard the evidence to prove it true. For in his speech in the House upon the Electoral Commission bill he asserted again and again that if the bill passed, the Commission would go behind the returns to try the question of fact upon the merits. Garfield, knowing the returns were false, in violation of his public speech, before the bill passed, voted to sustain these false and fraudulent returns."

To further show Garfield's guilty knowledge, and his moral weakness to resist the behests of his party, I state another fact upon the authority of the Hon. Carter H. Harrison, then a member of Congress, and now Mayor of the city of Chicago. After the decision, Harrison asked Garfield how it was possible for him, after his speech in the House, to refuse to go behind the returns, and to decide the question of fact upon the merits. Garfield replied: "Carter, if you had the cards wouldn't you play them? He knew the certificate of the Returning Board was false. He knew Tilden was elected and Hayes was defeated. He knew that if the Democratic party would agree upon the Electoral Commission for the sake of peace, the merits of the case should be tried. Yet because, including the Judges, there was a majority of one Republican upon the Commission, in violation of truth, justice, fair dealing, and plighted faith by a partisan majority, Garfield refused to try the only question they were authorized to try, and which he at least was to try. For the part he took in this outrageous and damning fraud, if for no other reason, Garfield is unworthy of the high office of President.

GEN. GARFIELD'S CREDIT MOBILIER RECORD.

From his own Sworn Testimony before the Poland Committee, Jan. 14, 1873.

I never owned, received, or agreed to receive any stock of the Credit Mobilier or of the Union Pacific railroad, nor any dividends or profits arising from either of them.

From Judge Poland's Report, Feb, 18, 1873—Garfield's Testimony Perjured.

The facts in regard to Mr. Garfield, as found by the committee, are that he agreed with Mr. Ames to take ten shares of Credit Mobiller stock, but did not pay for the same. Mr. Ames received the eighty per cent. dividend in bonds and sold them for ninety-seven per cent, and also received the sixty per cent, cash dividend, which, together with the price of the stock and interest, left a balance of $329. This was paid over to Mr. Garfield by a check on the Sergeant-at-Arms, and Mr. Garfield then *understood this sum was the balance of dividends after paying for the stock.*

From the New York Tribune, Feb. 19, 1873.

James A. Garfield of Ohio had ten shares; never paid a dollar; received $329, which, after the investigation began, he was anxious to have considered as a loan from Mr. Oakes Ames to himself.

Well, the wickedness of all of it is that these men betrayed the trust of the people, deceived their constituents, and by evasions and falsehoods confessed the transaction to be disgraceful.

From the New York Times, Feb, 16, 1873

Messrs. Kelley and Garfield present a most distressing figure. Their participation in the Credit Mobilier affair is complicated by the most unfortunate contradictions of testimony.

From the New York Times, Feb. 20, 1873

The character of the Credit Mobilier was no secret. Teh source of its profits was very well known at the time the Congressmen bought it. Though Oakes Ames may have succeeded in concealing his own motive, which was to bribe Congressmen, their acceptance of the stock was not on that account innocent. The dishonor of the act, as a participation in an obvious fraud, still remains.

Some of them have indulged in testimony with reference to the matter which has been contradicted. The committee *distin ctly rejects the testimony of several of the members. This can only be done on the ground that it is untrue. But untrue testimony given under oath is morally, if not legally, perjury.*

It is the clear duty of Congress to visit with punishment all who took Credit Mobilier stock from Oakes Ames.

WHY THE SOUTH IS SOLID.

Hear a Southerner.

Congressman Chalmers, of Miss., in a speech, a few days ago said.

"But the most striking difference between the parties is in their treatment of the Southern States; and here again the difference between the parties are most strikingly exemplified by the individual opinions of their respective candidates. With the exception of slavery, Hancock was for a restoration of the Union as it was. Garfield was for a destruction of the conquered States and a reconstruction of them for the benefit of the Republican party, which would have placed intelligence and virtue under the heels of ignorance and vice. Hancock was ready to receive all men as equals who obey the law and the Constitution and extend to them all the blessings of civil liberty. Garfield would treat us as inferiors, as enemies of the Government and as if we were in the Union only on probation. Hancock extends the right hand of fellowship to the men of the South as well as the men of the North.

"More than all, Hancock represents a party which knows no sectional lines. Garfield represents a party born of sectional agitation, nurtured in sectional hate and which to-day provokes a solid Democratic South in the hope that it may organize a solid Republican North. They tell you the Government is in danger from a solid South and that a strong government is necessary to suppress Southern violence. I tell you, my fellow citizens, that a strong government means a weak people, and a weak people, willing to submit to strong government, means the end of the republic and the beginning of despotism. If the South were solid for any evil purpose it might be well to listen to such clamor, but it is not. She is solid in her prayers for peace and prosperity. She is solid for honesty, economy and good government. She is solid for the old flag and a gallant Union soldier who bore it in triumph on the field. She is solid against bribery, corruption, whisky rings and fradulent contracts. In short, she is solid for the Democracy and against the Republican party. But I come here to ask you what it is you fear from the South and why it is you refuse to trust the Democratic party on account of its Southern members. You did not fear the South when in arms. You cannot fear any hostile invasion from her now when she has surrendered her guns. You cannot fear a restoration of slavery nor any claim of payment for slaves, for these things are expressly prohibited in the amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which have been ratified by all our States. The cry that we will bankrupt the Government with Southern war claims is equally absurd. None can be paid, under the law, except the claims of loyal men, and the idea that the Confederate brigadiers should bankrupt the Government and impoverish themselves with taxation to pay war claims to Southern Union men, who they hated as much as the copperheads were hated by the Union men of the North, is too rediculeus to need refutation. I cannat believe that such a shame can impose on the thinking, calculating, business men of the North.

"But it is said if the Democracy return to power the Southern men will assume control as leaders. Three times since the war the Southern men have had control of the House of Representatives, and each time they have elected a Northern man Speaker, a Northern man Sergeant-at-Arms, and a Union soldier from Kentucky Clerk, and have only taken the Door-keeper's place for themselves. Four times they have supported Northern men for President and Vice-President, two of them Union generals, and one of them the father of abolitionism, and have asked nothing for themselves except that you do not elect men who will oppress them. You remember that this argument of a solid South was pressed in all its vigor in the canvass of 1876. The people of the North were told then that all the South wanted was to get into power and then the Confederate flag would be drawn from its hiding place and the Union destroyed. And what, I ask, was the result? The most bitter and vindictive Ku-Klux who was ever painted by the imagination of a radical stump shrieker to alarm the women and children and inflame the men of the North could not have devised nor asked a better opportunity to destroy the Union than was offered to him by the Republican party in 1876-7. They had sent troops into Southern States in violation of law and Constitution in 1876 to carry the election. When they failed in this they sent visiting Statesmen to aid the infamous Returning Boards in making out false returns, with an army ready to sustain them in any villany they might find it necessary to perpetrate. They next announced that the Vice-President of the United States was alone authorized to count the electoral vote, and that these false and fradulent returns should be counted. They assembled troops in the State-Houses of Louisiana and South Carolina to hold the forts, and they began to assemble troops in Washington City to intimidate Congress into submission to this arbitrary count. And then it was, fearing lest the lion-hearted hero who stood between Texas and persecution might be a stumbling-block in their way, they prepared to send Hancock to the Pacific coast. In that supreme hour the Confederate brigadier, the red-handed rebel of the South, could have plunged the divided North into a war in which the solid South might have wreaked any vengeance she sought. No honest man can remember that time and ever say again that this Government has anything to fear from the malice of Southern men. The Republicans sometimes say we abandoned the fraud issue by failing to renominate the man who was defrauded. We answer that they confessed the fraud issue when but one single man in their convention was found to vote for the renomination of him who stole the Presidency. But to return to my question. When I and others sought to secede from the Union you brought us back. What, I ask, did you want with us if we are dangerous to the peace of the Union?

THE VOLCANO FUEGO.

Terrific Eruption Near the City of Antigua—A Column of Fire Five Hundred Feet High—Illumination of the Surrounding Country.

Panama, July 17, 1880.—The volcano Fuego, near the city of Antigua, Guatemala, has, after many years of silence and apparent rest, in which there was little to determine its character as a volcano except occasional emissions of smoke and odd rumbling noises from within, burst out in an angry and terrific eruption. So far as we know there was nothing during the few days which preceded the explosion to indicate any exceptional activity in the volcano agencies which are perpetually at work in that region, and therefore the outburst at three a. m., on June 29, was equally surprising and terrible for the dwellers in the villages and country about. As seen from the deck of the Pacific mail steamer Wilmington by the officer on watch at a distance, as the crow flies, of nearly fifty miles, the spectacle was magnificent. From the highest peak of the Fuego great columns of flames darted up into the air to a hight, as nearly as could be determined, of from 400 to 500 feet. The surrounding country to the east and south was illuminated by the tremendous glare of the flames, while to the northward and westward the clouds of dust and smoke which accompanied the conflagration obscured the whole country. An eye-witness says:—"The first grand column of fire rose at least five hundred feet in height, solid and smooth, and then the top, expanding, opened out like an umbrella, the sparks coruscating like those from a brilliant rocket. The pulsations of flame during the first two hours of the eruption were about fifty seconds apart, strong and regular."

Less than half an hour after the eruption began two streams of lava were seen making their way slowly down the mountain, one southward, toward the city of Antigua, and the other westward, toward the sea. As the molten masses moved along, consuming everything combustible in their track, destroying the forests and licking up the small streams which they encountered, great volumes of smoke and steam rose from their desolating track. Until the morning dawned fully, the lava streams could be clearly seen moving toward the valleys below, while above the red flames and their attendant smoke and dust shot upward into the air. A river, the Guaculate, which has its origin on the western slope of the mountain, had a sudden and remarkable accession of water of a considerably increased temperature, probably from the breaking out of hot springs from the mountain side, or a possible flow of water from some of the openings in the crater itself. The eruption continued up to the time of the sailing of the Granada on the 2d, the day before being distinguished by increased activity and display. No damage is reported as a result, although fears were felt at the beginning of quick and terrible disaster. The last eruption of Fuego was marked by exceedingly heavy eruptions of lava, stones, sand, &c., and the course of the molten mass liberated at that period may still be distinctly seen. Some good is likely to come out of the evil, however, and some recompense to the dwellers in the surrounding country for the tremendous fright they had suffered. The volcanic smoke and ashes will, it is said, kill the grasshoppers, which just now are an intolerable nuisance, and threaten all growing crops with complete destruction.

"I like Jefferson's way of inauguration; it suits our system. He rode down on horseback to the Capitol, tied his horse to a rail fence, entered and was duly sworn, then rode to the Executive Mansion, and took possession. He inaugurated himself simply by taking the oath of office. There is no other legal inauguration in our system.

"I was not in favor of the military action in South Carolina recently, and if General Ruger had telegraphed to me, or asked for advice, I would have advised him not under any circumstauces to allow himself or his troops to determine who were the lawful members of a state legislature. —Hancock to Sherman, December, 1876.

THE GAME AND FISH LAWS.

Deer, except spotted fawns, may be killed from October 1 to December 16. Penalty $50. Dogs running deer may be killed by any person, except in the counties where such hunting is permitted by special acts.

Squirrels may be killed from September 1 to January 1. Penalty $5 for each squirrel.

Rabbits can be taken from October 15 to January 1. Penalty $5.

Wild turkeys can be taken from October 15 to January 1. Penalty $5.

No wild fowl, which includes ducks, geese, pigeons, etc., can be killed between May 15 and September 1, under a penalty of $10.

Woodcock may be killed from July 4 to January 1, and upland or grass plover from July 15 to January 1. Penalty $10 in each case.

Partridges may be killed from October 15 to January 1. Penalty $10.

Pheasants may be killed from October 1 to January 1. Penalty $10.

Rail or reed birds are to be killed only during the months of September, October and November. Penalty $5.

Nets, traps, snares or torchlight are prohibited to be used in killing wild turkeys, partridges, woodcock, rail or reed birds, under a penalty of $10, and any person may destroy such nets, traps, etc., whenever found.

Sunday hunting or fishing is prohibited under a penalty of $25.

It shall be lawfull to fish with fyke or hoop nets in any of the streams of this Commonwealth uninhabited by brook or speckled trout, during the months of March, April, May, September, October and November in each year: Provided, That the meshes of said net or nets shall not be less than one inch in size, and that said net or nets shall not be placed at the confluence of any wing-walls, either newly made or abandoned.

One-half the penalty goes to the informer.

PHILADELPHIA, August 17.—John Buchanan, who ran the Electic Medicol college and issued bogus diplomas, jumped from a Delaware river ferryboat at 1 o'clock this morning with the avowed attention of committing suicide. The river has been thoroughly dredged but the body cannot be found.

Harper's Magazine for September is unusually interesting in literary matter, most of which is handsomely embellished.

WM. BUCHANAN died in Black Log Valley, Juniata county, on Monday at the age of 103 years.

Four days recently a land breeze prevailed at Cape May, bringing clouds of swamp mosquitoes. Life was unendurable day and night: hops were brought to an end, for no lady could wear a low-necked dress and stand short sleeves, or even the short dresses, under the attacks of millions of searching, hungry Jersey insects. Hundreds of guests departed for other climes; and one hotel proprietor said that that land breeze cost him $5,000. Probably Cape May is a loser, all told, of $50,000 by the visit of so insignificant being as a mosquito.

Massachusetts is the most thickly settled State in the Union, and no country in Europe has so many inhabitants to the square mile, Belgium, Great Britain and Italy excepted.

The battle of Gettysburg was fought, on the rebel side, mainly by Longstreet's troops. This eminent confederate is now drawing the comfortable salary of $7,500 as Mr. Hays' Minister to Turkey. Meanwhile the Union soldier who won the battle of Gettysburg, and saved Pennsylvania and the North from invasion, is being denounced by the Republican press as a traitor and rebel sympathizer. Somehow it seems as if things had been mixed.

Nast the artist, doesn't work as well as an organ. He caricatures Democracy as mercilessly as ever, but he won't picture Garfield at all. The reason for it is that in *Harper's Weekly* for 15th March, 1873, he published a cartoon grouping Garfield and the other Credit Mobilier statesmen with the following placard below:

Disgraced in the eye of the public for owning Credit Mobilier stock, which was in the fact and intent a fraud upon the government. Also for deceit and evasion.

Nast must be allowed a recess on Garfield until after the election.

In Camden and the suburbs of Philadelphia there is much small-pox.

"The bayonet is not a fit instrument for collecting the votes of freemen."—Hancock's letter of acceptance.

LONDON, Aug 18.—A desp

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rs. Aug. 26, 80.

TERMS.—*$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '76" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1875, and that it is time he was paying the printer

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 289, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
G. L. GOODHART, Sec'y. W. R. FROM, N. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 527, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Masonic Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sec't. J. J. ARNEY, W. M.

PROGRESS CHANOR, No. 96, P of H., meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks. Dec. Jas. A. Keller Master. LEONARD RHONE, Sec't.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Rev. Charles Schnure, of Hartleton, will have divine service in the Centre Hall Luth. church, on Sabbath, 29 inst., morning and evening.

—Mr. Charles M. Calder, son of Rev. Dr. James Calder, died morning of 18, of bronchitis, at the residence of his father, in Harrisburg.

—The re-union of the Centre Co. Veteran club will be held at Unionville, Sept. 18.

—Representative Gephart illumined our sanctum with his presence the other day.

—At Goldman's Standard Clothing hall, all goods is No. 1, and prices at cost. Largest assortment in the county. Selling off at cost, remember.

—Rev. Thos. J. Frederick, of near Sunbury, is visiting friends in our valley and called upon the REPORTER. He has a charge of 4 prosperous churches, consequently, near the above town. He is a native of Aaronsburg.

—The best suited, and best fitted men and boys, are those whose Sunday-go-to-meetins are bought at the Standard Clothing hall, opposite the Brockerhoff.

—Fresh sweetpotatoes at Sechlers, the best in market and very cheap. Try them.

—No trash kept at Sechlers grocery—the best always kept and sold for about the same you pay for trash in many other places. All their customers will tell you this.

—The Lewisburg and Tyrone road, west end, is now completed to Marengo, and ore is being shipped from that place and the siding at Pennington mine. The remaining portion of the road to Pennsylvania furnace will soon be completed.

Women that have been bedridden for years have been entirely cured of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets. 20aug 2t.

—Mr. Derr, of Bellefonte, who makes those elegant wooden door plates, will be in our town in a few days to canvass for orders. His plates are neat, and much cheaper than metal door plates, and fast getting into use on private dwellings and offices. Persons giving Mr. Derr their orders can rely upon getting a door plate as represented by him.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE admits both sexes. Endowment half a million. Tuition free. Courses of study, Classical, Scientific, and Agricultural. A thorough Preparatory Department. Expenses $3 to $5 per week. For catalogue, address JOSEPH SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Pres. State College, Pa, 12aug 3t.

—The grocery business has been reduced to a regular science, at Sechler's, in the management of their store; keeping none but pure, fresh and wholesome goods, and studying what is needed and best suited for the large custom which constantly flows to their grocery from every section of Centre county.

—How are you this Spring my old friend? asked a bright looking man, "Oo! I feel miserable, I'm bilious and can't work." "Why in the world don't you take Kidney-Wort; that's what I take when I am out of sorts, and it always keeps me in perfect tune. My doctor recommends it for all such troubles." Kidney-Wort is the great spring medicine; the sure cure for biliousness and constipation. Don't fail to try it.

—Whenever you want a suit of clothes go around and see Lewins, or Sternberg, at the Philad. Branch, they will sell you better and cheaper clothing than you can buy at any other place. There is no mistake about this. Try it.

—If you want some of the best sugar cured hams in the world, or any other meat, fresh or cured, at Sechlers you can get the article that will please you—mind this.

—The Hettinger farm, in Georges valley, 126 acres, was sold last week, at $55,50 per acre, to Sam'l Ertel. Our friend Ertel claims it as a genuine Hancock farm.

—The Hancock club of this place, paraded our streets on Monday night, with their new lamps, headed by the Centre Hall brass band. It made quite a fine display.

—Stoneware of all sizes, wholesale and retail at Sechler's. They are able to sell this kind of goods cheaper than others, because they buy it by the car load.

—Mr. John Eckenroad, an aged and highly respected citizen of Pleasant Gap, died at that place on Sunday morning, after a lingering illness. He was about sixty-five years of age.

—A complete set of Appleton's New American Encyclopedia, good as new, 1873, 16 vol's, is offered for sale, at a greatly reduced price. It is a complete library in itself. Apply at REPORTER office. tf.

—It is a fact, known to all who wear boots and shoes, that Powers & Son give you the fairest bargains, of any shoe-store anywhere. Their stock is selected with care, and no misrepresentation. They have on hand now a special lot of boys, boots, which goes ahead of any thing in that line. Only go and see at Powers', if you do not wish to buy; they are glad to show what they have.

—On Tuesday night when the Centre Hall Hancock men were about all away at Bellefonte, the Garfielders got up a torch-light parade—a sort of pocket affair. We do not know its extent, only what we could gather from a dispute between a democrat and a repub. The democrat contended it was 1½ yards long and the Garfielder swore it was no less than three yards in length. Making allowance for selfishness by each of the parties, we'll accept it at 2½ yards.

—Court adjourned Tuesday evening, for lack of business.

—The Centre Hall boro' petition was passed by the grand jury.

—The Club will meet Sat. eve, Sept. 4. Speakers will be present.

—On Thursday afternoon, 19, an old fashioned thunder gust set in from the west. It commenced raining heavily early in the afternoon and continued until 9 at night, accompanied by thunder and lightning—that was the longest thunder shower we had for years.

—The tobacco crop in Bald Eagle Valley from Beach Creek town, down for several miles is reported by the Lock Haven *Daily Journal* to have been almost completely destroyed by hail during a storm last week.

The large barn on the farm of Robert M. Taylor, of Brown township, about two miles east of Belleville, was struck by lightning on Wednesday evening of last week, and, with the grain, hay and farming implements it contained, was burned. The farm was tenanted by Solomon Harman. The entire loss will probably reach $3,000, which is partly covered by an insurance of $1,400 in the Kishacoquillas Company on the barn. Mr. Harman's loss is particularly severe, comprising, as it does, almost the entire results of a year's hard labor.—*True Democrat* 19.

GREAT HANCOCK DEMONSTRATION AT BELLEFONTE.

THE TOWN PACKED WITH THE FRIENDS OF THE MAN WHO SAVED THE STATE AT GETTYSBURG.

THEY CAME IN WAGONS, ON HORSEBACK, ON FOOT AND BY TRAINS.

FIVE BANDS, AND A MAGNIFICENT TORCH LIGHT PARADE.

Tuesday evening last will ever be remembered by the Democracy of Centre and the friends of Gen. Honcock, a free ballot, honest elections, and honest government, on the occasion of the meeting appointed to ratify the nomination of Hancock & English. It was a grand outpouring of the people. There were large delegations of horsemen from Pennsvalley, Bald Eagle and Nittany vallies, with numberless buggies, carriages and several special trains, making a crowd of 7 to 10,000. All the delegations came with torches, and the parade at night was the grandest torchlight affair ever had in this section of the state. There were five brass bands which filled the air with music during the entire evening. The greatest enthusiasm and best order prevailed for so large a crowd, and the demonstration has had a very disheartening effect upon the Credit Mobilier and Pavement contract party. Chairman Spangler left nothing undone to make the demonstration a success, and he and his aids deserve credit for admirable management.

At Pleasant Gap a free lunch was provided for the Pennsvalley delegation.

The delegation from Pennsvalley alone was nearly a mile long. Even distant Millheim was well represented headed by its excellent brass band. The most admirable order prevailed.

The torch light parade was pronounced by all the largest and finest display yet had in this county, between 1500 to 2000 men were in line, each man bearing a torch.

Two meetings had to be organized one in the court house which was packed to suffocation and one in the diamond which was a sea of faces.

The meeting in the court house was presided over by that venerable democrat, Hon. Jas. M'Manus, a leader of the democracy of the state of a former generation, who with his age has grown firmer than ever in the faith. Eloquent speeches were made inside by Col. Dechert of Philad., Hon. R. M. Speer of Huntingdon and Gov. Curtin. Gov. Curtin's appearance upon the stand was greeted by the wildest cheers, and he had to wait long before he could be heard as the mass showered cheer after cheer at him. His remarks were greeted with rounds of applause every few moments. The speeches of Dechert and Speer were masterly efforts and frequent bursts of applause proved the appreciation of the audience.

The outside meeting was addressed by Hon. B. F. Meyers, of Harrisburg, who was introduced by Senator Alexander. Mr. Meyers went over the history of the democratic party, and wound up by giving the history of Garfield. He spoke about 1½ hours in solid argument, and was frequently interrupted by applause. He was followed by Messrs. Dechert and Speer who were brought out from the inside meeting. We have not time for further remarks. The demonstration began and closed as a most magnificent success.

FROM MILLHEIM.

For the REPORTER.

Hancock & English are trump here. The Hancock club is in fine trim: There will be a big turn out to the harvest home.

The borough just now is in dear trouble all around. To patronize the Notary the Council and borough officers last spring permitted themselves to be sworn in by *him*. But a few months later these parties got a knowledge of the fact, that this was a serious breach of the law, and sought to amend it by having themselves re-sworn by a Justice, with the exception of the chief burgess, who did not take a liking to so much swearing. Now the question arises whether the council and its previous actions are leagel or not; true, at first they were sworn on the legal day (1st Monday in April) but by an illegal officer; on the other hand they were re-sworn by a legal officer but upon an illegal day.

The high-constable in consequence has resigned his office on account of apparent difficulties. To add to the complication, there is at present a remonstrance against the existence of the boro' in general circulation, and it has obtained not a few signatures, among them many who originally favored the boro'. The grounds set forth in this remonstrance against the boro' are not known to the writer. But it would seem there is a lack of spirit for the general good, on the one hand; another portion are too unconcerned, while others are onely led on by selfishness and interested motives. JOHN.

MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, August 23.—Wheat at 97½@98¾c; red and amber, track and afloat, at $1.08, and No. 2 red in elevator at $1.08. Corn at 53½@54c; mixed at 53c. Oats at 37c; white at 38@43c, and mixed at 36@37c.

CHICAGO, August 23.—Wheat active, firm and higher; No. 2 red winter, 93c; No. 2 Chicago spring, 89c for cash. Corn 40¼@40¾c for cash. Oats 27@27½c for cash. Rye at 76½c. Barley stronger at 76½c

AUGUST COURT.

Traverse—2nd Week.

Rush—B Coyle.
Ferguson—F Bottorf, Jac Keller, D Dennis, S J Gates, G Kichline, Haines—Jonath Krape, T G Ehrhart.
Milesburg—A T Boggs.
Huston—J P Turner, G W Woodring.
Penn—J H Frank.
Bellefonte—J Brachbill, L L Brown, F P Green.
Boggs—G Noll, J Walters.
Bush—W J Jackson.
Gregg—Jac F Homan, H A Krumrine, I J Grenoble,
Unionville—H Iddings.
Walker—W H Yearick, John Zimmerman.
Penn—Dav Hosterman.
Spring—Ed Woods.
Liberty—W N Bitner.
Union—J Frederick.
Howard—M Pletcher, I C Leathers.
Philipsburg—A S Graham.
Potter—Jas M'Cormick, Joe. Wagner, Jr.
Halfmoon—W S Gray.
Benner—D Houser.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorised to announce that J. P. Gephart will be a candidate for Assembly subject to democratic usages.

We are authorised to announce that W. A. Murray will be a candidate for Assembly subject to democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Chester Munson, of Philipsburg, will be a candidate for Assembly subject to democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Benjamin F. Hunter, of Benner, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that D. C. Wilt, of Millheim, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to democratic usages.

FROM YORK STATE.

DEAR EDITOR.—In the absence of the newsy REPORTER, we have lost track of the "ways and means" of everybody and everything in and around Centre Hall. Our interest, however, in the welfare and prosperity of the place and people has not grown less by separation. Penn's Valley with all its attractions, beautiful scenery, fertile soil, rich farms and farmers, pleasant, thrifty villages, schools and churches, and its half finished Railroad, has charms for me that no place in the world can surpass. There is grander scenery here in New York. From the window at which I sit to write, there is a sight stretching ten or twelve miles westward, taking in the scope of country lying between our village and the Hudson river, and the Catskill mountains beyond the river, that beggars all discription, and would immortalize the pencil that could transfer it to canvas. Then again, there are greater places than this valley, and larger cities and towns than it can boast of, yet with all, they lack the peculiar charms I have in mind—the charms of nativity, of early life, of boyhood associations, of home and friends. Other places may be everything else, but they cannot be one's native place. But one little nook or corner in all the world, can witness our advent, and this fact alone mantles it with a charm and dignity that neither time nor space can remove. It is for this reason, if for no other, that neither valley nor village in this or any other country can replace Pennsvalley, Centre Hall and Nittany mountain in my affection and memory.

Let home be never so homely in its surroundings, yet there is an inherent force, a charm—a native magnetism if you please, in the word *home* that breaks down distance, time and every other hostile consideration, and that outrides all the storms of adversity.

Men sometimes go to the extreme lengths of vice and crime to get beyond the reach of this home feeling and home influence, yet they do not succeed. They are followed by the hallowed associations of early life, and the recollection of a mother's tenderness, and prayers, and the anxiety of friends, as the limpid waters from Horeb's rock are said to have followed the Israelites during the whole period of wandering through the wilderness. Oh! if this home training and these early associations were but half as pure as that sparkling water that bursts forth at the stroke of Moses' rod! But how soon the living links between the days of childhood and manhood are broken! How suddenly and with what wide hands are the landmarks torn up, and others put in their places! Of the near neighbors who were more or less advanced in life there remain but three whose faces I can now recall. Isaac Bruss, Henry Garver, and John Neff. Among the first to cross that bourn whence no traveler returns, whose death still lingers fresh in my memory was old father Crotzer. The sad news of his prostration was brought to us, then living where John Bitner jr. now lives, with the request that we should immediately summon the assistance of Robert Watson who then lived at the Ore bank, now owned by your townsman and worthy Commissioner, Andrew Gregg. To carry this message brother David and myself were instantly commissioned, and with swift and terrified feet we flew over the ground to deliver our words of terror and death. It was a sultry evening in summer, the day had been hot and it was about to terminate in a thunder shower. The huge dark lines of sky-war were hastily forming in the west; the evening shades were falling fast; darkness and death were meeting; the impending conflict in the External world bespoke the struggle between soul and body; and during the raging of the elemental strife, the spiritual one was decided and the soul of our neighbor and friend went out into the great universe of spirits—to meet its God and to be with Him. Death to me remained for a long time a terror, a great dread, because of its associations with nature. And this fear continued to haunt me until I was brought face to face with death, and saw a soul depart without a struggle in the depth of night, whilst peace and quiet reigned throughout all nature. Much of this terror that death strikes to our hearts, I apprehend, arises from the fact that it has at some time or other been associated with, an awe inspiring storm in nature, for there has long been a noticeable co-incidence between death and natural convulsions. But nothing in the world can so effectually disarm death of its peculiar terrer as the consciousness that it but introduces us to a holier and happier state of existence—such a consciousness of divine acceptance as enabled Paul to cry out: "Oh! Death where is thy sting! Oh! Grave where is thy victory!" These reflections owe their inspiration to the recollection of my native home, and its early associations. They are penned in the hope that they may stimulate parents to multiply the attractions, and enhance the salutary influences of the birth-place of their children

G. W. FORTNEY.

A REPUBLICAN CLUB DECLARES FOR HANCOCK.

Washington, August 21.—The Sixteenth District Republican Club of this city held a meeting Thursday evening, at their rooms, to determine whether or not to join the procession to the Republican ratification meeting at City Hall two hours later. About one hundred and fifty members present, half of them colored. A vote being taken, the result was a tie, the colored members voting in a body to join the procession and participate in the meeting. The Chairman then cast a negative vote, which decided the matter. A resolution that the association turn out in full at the Hancock ratification meeting next Thursday evening was carried without a dissenting voice and amid great enthusiasm.

GEN. SHERMAN'S LETTERS.

Peremptorily Refusing to Give for Publication his Correspondence with Gen. Hancock.

Washington, Aug. 20.—Gen. Sherman will start on a trip to California in company with R. B. Hayes next week. As he will not return until after the Maine election, he has been repeatedly urged to give for publication the letter which drew from Gen. Hancock the patriotic response recently printed in relation to the election of 1876. He peremptorily refuses. His conduct is freely commented upon by army officers. They say that Sherman never yet wrote anything upon public questions that he did not make a botch of it, and that his letter to Hancock, if published, would show the General of the Army to be a bigoted partisan, devoid of common sense, as well as ignorant of the true principles upon which the Government was founded. The Cincinnati *Gazette*, edited by the truly good Deacon Smith, says that one officer, who was informed as to the character of Gen. Sherman's letter before Hancock was nominated, makes a statement in regard to these letters which agree closely with Gen. Baldy Smith's version heretofore printed. The refusal of Sherman to furnish either his own or the remaining ones of Hancock is accepted as a confession by the General of the Army that he has been writing on public affairs in such a manner that he is either ashamed or afraid to face the public with his letters.

TEXAS' TORNADO.

Later Particulars of a Storm which Did a Large Amount of Damage.

New Orleans, August 22.—A special dispatch to the *Times* from Corpus Christi, gives an account of a storm on the lower Texas coast and in Mexico. Matamoras looks as if it had been bombarded, brick buildings being torn out of long blocks. It is estimated that 300 houses are wrecked—either demolished or unroofed. Whole stacks of goods were destroyed. The loss is estimated at $300,000.

Brownsville is in but little better condition. At Point Isabel and Brazos the storm was most disastrous. In Brownsville Latimer's machine shop and the adjoining building are in ruins, the streets full of derbris, the houses wrecked and trees and fences blown down. The infantry barracks are badly shattered, and considerable damage was done to the officers' quarters. Twenty-eight horses and seven mules belonging to the government were killed, the artillery barracks were unroofed and the cavalry stables blown flat. The convent was unroofed and the fence blown down. The tug Ethel and the steamboats John Scott and George Brown were sunk.

COL. FRED. GRANT ASSAULTS A WAITER.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Galesburg, Ill., Aug. 16.—This morning on the arrival of the Kansas City express, with several hundred Knights Templar aboard, all hands stopped over in this city for breakfast. Col. Fred. Grant becoming impatient at not being waited on at the table more promptly, holding a hot buttered roll in his hand, deliberately took aim and hit one of the servants between the eyes with it Officer Hart, who happened to be present, promptly arrested him. But the Colonel's friends came to his rescue, and the officer reluctantly released him.

AN INFLUENTIAL REPUBLICAN PAPER COMES OUT FOR HANCOCK.

[Special Dispatch to the Pittsburg Post.]

Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1880.—The Mt. Pleasant *Times and Minning Journal*, a former Republican paper, published in the interest of this mining community, and one of the most influential papers in the coke country; having a large circulation, this morning announces itself for Hancock and English and the whole Democratic ticket. The effect is demoralizing to the Republicans of this entire section, who are uttering courses deep and loud.

GEORGE WM. CURTIS ON GARFIELD'S CASE.

[From Harper's Weekly, March 15, 1873.]

The action of the House of Representatives on Poland's report, in substituting a vote of censure and condemnation for the resolution expelling Ames and Brooks and passing over the other inculpated members without notice, fell far short of the just expectations of the country. It was a clear case of moral cowardice, an unmanly shirking of responsibility. The House has virtually declared that a member may offer or accept a bribe, and yet not be disqualified from retaining his seat in Congress. "Absolute condemnation" must be the virdict of the country on such a lamentable exhibition of moral pusillanimity.

A HEARTLESS DEED.

Pittsburg, August 17.—Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Rivers, of Agnew Station, near here, discovered an unknown man in her yard stealing grapes. She shouted, and he ran away in the direction of the Ohio River. A large dog and a gang of railroad men started in pursuit. The man took to the water, but finding that he was growing weak turned, but his pursuers continued stoning him until he sank. The residents on the other side who witnessed the affair sent a skiff to his rescue, but before they could reach him the unhappy man had gone down. The people in the neighborhood demand a rigorous investigation by the authorities.

REPUBLICAN BULL-DOZING.

Montgomery, Ala., August 17, 1880.—A dastardly attempt was made in this city early this morning to murder Lafayette Thomas, a colored democrat, by Horrace Edwards, a colored republican, because Thomas voted the democratic ticket at the recent election. Thomas only saved his life by flight.

Prince Smith, a colored republican, was bound over to-day in the sum of $200 to await the action of the Grand Jury for attempting to prevent George Washington, a colored democrat, from freely casting his ballot at the recent election held in that State.

Many more such cases are pending.

OVER NINE HUNDRED PILGRIMS PERISH.

London, August 11.—Reuter's telegram from Aden reports that the steamer Jeddah, from Singapore, foundered off Guardani, on the 8th, with nine hundred and fifty-three pilgrims for Jeddah. All on board perished except the captain, his wife, the chief engineer, chief officer, an engineer and sixteen natives, who were picked up and brought to Aden by the steamer Scindia.

MINNESOTA'S MIGHTY YIELD.

An Estimate of the Wheat Crop Put at 45,000,000 Bushels.

The St Paul *Pioneer Press* prints an editorial review of the acreage and yield of the wheat crop of 1880, based upon information received from several independent sources, including returns from many thrashings. The acreage sown to wheat is a little less than 3,000,000, and the yield per acre is estimated at fifteen bushels, in the following way: In the southeastern counties, between the Iowa and Minnesota division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad, where chinch-bugs have caused some injury, the average will be twelve bushels. West of here and south of the Minnesota river the same conditions prevail, but the area of territory affected is smaller, and the average yield will be fourteen bushels. In the central belt of counties, north of the Minnesota, the yield will vary from seventeen bushels in low ground to eighteen on high with an average of seventeen bushels. In the Red River valley and Northern Pacific country, the average yield will be at least twenty bushels, and east of the Mississippi, fifteen. The average for the whole state will be fifteen bushels. The whole yield will be about 45,000,000 bushels. The yield of oats for the season is estimated at about 27,000,000 bushels; of corn, 13,500,000 bushels, and of barley, 3,186,000 bushels, making the total crop of Minnesota this year nearly 90,000,000 bushels.

—A Woman at Carson, Nevada, is said to have undertaken to refrain from speaking for forty days. The report runs as follows: "She began at nine in the morning, and at 10½ her pulse was so feeble from exhaustion that the physicians feared she would die by noon. At 11 her heart beat but twenty-six a minute, and her respirations were hardly noticeable. Her friends here urged her to discontinue her terrible task, and told her some gossip about a neighbor. On hearing it she immediately rushed from the house, and going across the street, met a lady friend and talked to 6½ last night, and is now fully restored."

Let the following be a warning to all republican readers of the REPORTER not to become too intimate with Sambo:

Nero Fields, colored, of Steelton, called at the hospital Saturday afternoon to have the ring finger of his right hand amputated, which operation was performed by some members of the hospital staff. Last week, in a quarrel with another colored man named Snothers, Fields had his finger severely bitten, hence the necessity of an amputation.

A TERRIBLE STORM.

Brownsville Struck by a Hurricane—Communication Cut Off.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., August 20.—Colonel Baker, superintendent of the Western Union telegraph company, has dispatches from Corpus Christi, Texas, which say it is reported that Brownsville, Texas, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, was nealy destroyed by the fearful storm which prevailed along the Texas coast on the 12th and 13th inst., and that many lives were lost. The telegraph wires along the coast from Indianola south were prostrated and are still down south of Corpus Christi. The telegraph line from Brownsville up the Rio Granda was badly torn down, therefore no communication can be had with the stricken city.

The superior officers of the army are so regarded in such great crises, and are held to such responsibility, especialy these at or near the head of it, that it is necessary on such momentous occasions to dare to determine for themselves what is lawful and what is not lawful under our system.—Hancock to Sherman, December, 1, 76.

LONDON, Aug 19.—A Berlin dispatch to the *Times* says: "The papers are again full of disheartning reports of the harvest in Silesia and West Prussia. The crops in certain districts in these provinces may be said to be wholly destroyed. Lives have been lost, railway and river embankments have been swept away, bridges broken down, villages flooded, farms inundated, and vast tracts of grain-growing lands converted into lakes and swamps by torrents of rain, while a great famine is feared in all the above named provinces.

Several prominent Carolina republicans have announced themselves for Hancock and English. Among others, ex-United States Senator John Pool, ex-Supreme Court Judge William C. Rodman and Colonel Daniel R. Goodloe. These are among the ablest rebublicans in the state.

RICHMOND, Va., August 18.—Yesterday, while Coup's grand circus was parading in Winchester, the keeper of the cage of hyenas was pounced upon and torn to pieces by the infuriated and treacherous animals. The keeper, who was in the cage at the time, had his back slightly turned toward the hyenas, and was looking at the cheering multitude. The spectators fell back aghast when they saw the whole den of hyenas suddenly pounce upon the man, and throwing him to the floor of the cage, begin to mangle him with their teeth and claws.

A young Mr. Cox is running for Congress as an independent in the Fourth District of Georgia. At a recent gathering of yeomen he declared his intentions in the following outburst: "If you see fit to send me to Congress I will go to the best of my ability. (Cheers.) I believe I would like to go. (Renewed cheers.) In fact I know I want to go. (Loud cheers.) I have heard that the salary is ample, and, as I have a small family, wont insist on its increase. (Cheers.) As I am fond of vindication I want to vindicate myself. It has been hurled at me like a thunderbolt that I am too young. In answer to this I say, first, I can't help it and it is not my fault. Second, I am trying to grow older every day. Third, I am succeeding. Fourth, I am afraid I will be much older than I am before I get to Congress." (Prolonged applause,)

BRADFORD, Pa., August 19.—Late this afternoon two 25,000-barrel iron tanks, brimful of oil, at Dallas City, near here, were struck and fired by lightning. One tank is owned by the United Pipe Line, the other by the Tide-Water Pipe Company. One hundred barrels of oil were consumed near this city early this morning.

COURAGE NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

As the St. Louis *Journal of Commerce* pertinently says, a great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in fame. The fact is, to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but just jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well long before the flood, where a man could support his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterward. But at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his particular friends, untill one day he finds he is sixty years of age; then he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no time to follow their advice.

The Paris *Continental Gazette* says: "The bees are now being expelled from Paris by the Perfect of Police. A complaint lodged against these proverbial patterns of industry brought the fact to light that some skilful speculator had established somewhere in the outskirts of the gay capital no fewer than a thousand beehives, with a busy community of about fourty millions of subjects, who rob and torment their neighbors to an alarming degree. These winged brigands, as it seems, sally forth to prey upon the sugar boiling works with which the neighborhood is studded, and which proved to be a most profitable substitute for honey-giving flowers. The owner of one of these sugar factories, who stands first in the list of complainers, calculates that bees steal from him at least twenty-five thousand francs' worth of sugar a year. The workmen at these establishments look with even more unfriendly eyes on the winged freebooters, as they suffer in person from their greediness. When the workman leaves the factory he is often covered with a sticky layer of sugar, and the watchfull bees immediately pounce upon him and turn him into a field of pasture. In short time so many misdeeds are charged upon these busy insects that it is probable the head of the police will issue on order for their banishment from Parisians oil."

The Irish Compensation for disturbances bill, which provides that in periods of distress a tenant, even if he has not paid his rent when ejected by the landlord, may bring before a local justice suit to obtain compensation for improvments made by him on the land, has passed both Houses of Parliament, The opposition to it in the House of Lords was of the most bitter character, and the bill passed doubtless only because of the ulterior consequences involved in its rejection—consequnces of public uprising and dissatisfaction which the upper House was represented as not desirous to draw upon itself. There is nothing the English radicals would have liked better and the Tories less than to have had this bill, which is considered an entering wedge toward the abolishment of the present land system in both England and Ireland, become a square issue between the Commons and Lords.

Rochester, N. Y., August 15—Edward Parkhurst, a young lawyer, twenty-four years of age, killed Fannie Howell, aged twenty-two years, at Bath, N. Y., yesterday afternoon, by shooting her with a revolver. He then shot himself.

A GIANT AND HIS TAILOR'S BILL.

A trial, which is stated to have caused great amusement, came off in the Brighton County Court (Eng.) a short time since. The plaintiff, Mr. Ivens, is a gentleman six feet three inches in height, and proportionately stout. Mr. Ivens' attention was attracted to an advertisement of a firm of tailors announcing that they were prepared to make tweed suits at two guineas, and he thought, as his solicitor remarked, that a suit at that price would not be an extravagance, and requested the advertisers to send an assistant to take his measure. When the assistant arrived, the plaintiff told him that the firm would have rather a losing bargain; to which the assistant replied that it would be a capital advertisement for them, and that they made the little ones pay for the big ones. The plaintiff's measure was taken, and he called to have the suit fitted, when the principal told him that their advertisement did not apply to giants. He afterward obtained a similar suit at another tailor's, and sued the defendant to recover 3s., which was the difference between the price he paid and the amount advertised by them. The judge decided that the defendant had made and broken the contract, and gave judgment for the plaintiff for the amount claimed, with costs. Probably both parties will be satisfied. Mr. Ivens has got his suit, and the tailors have got their advertisement, though not in the form suggested by their polite assistant.

A VENOMOUS FISH.

From a letter written by a correspondent in the Seychelle Archipelago, it would seem that though "every prospect pleases" man is not the only vile creature which the islands and their waters boast. There is a small but highly poisonous fish, we are told, called the "laf," the spines upon whose back are hollow and filled, like the fangs of the cobra, with a dangerous poison, which sometimes produces death, and always intense pain. You may draw it unobserved into the boat when you are fishing and find out its peculiarities. Sharks, too, are more than abundant, and it seems to hang about the frail boats of the place with such terrible earnestness as to appal sailors and cause them to refrain from tempting the deep; the creatures eat the oars as they are thrust into the water, munch the sides of the canoes, and altogether misconduct themselves so gravely that harpoons have to be used in order to repel them. Happily, in this respect to the "laf," nature has provided an antidote, for no sooner has he stung than his body offers a cure to any one who has the presence of mind to seize it, cut it open and apply it to the wound. Against the teeth of the shark no such profection is offered, yet those who wish to avoid his mouth can do so by keeping ashore. They miss the enjoyment of the loveliest waters in the world, but they also escape a fate compared to which that Jonah was child's play.

AFGHAN JUSTICE.

The method of dispensing justice and carrying the law into execution in Cabul seems to be somewhat primitive, judging from the following incident which is supplied by a correspondent of the Lahore paper. In a quarrel between two artillerymen, and by a sort of accident that sometimes happens on purpose, the bayonet of one man became implanted in the stomach of the other, inflicting a wound that resulted fatally. The friends and relatives of the deceased declared that they would only be satisfied by the life of the delinquent being left in their hands, and according to the usual custom in such cases, the prisoner was made over to them to do what they liked with him. It was immediately agreed that hanging was most appropriate, and all the necessary preparations for the ceremony were completed, when one of the relatives, more bloodthirsty than the rest, demanded the privilege of cutting the unfortunate man's throat. At this interesting period of the tragedy the colonel of the prisoner's battery arrived on the scene with a bag of Rs. 1,000, which obtained an instant reprieve for the moribund artillerymen.

SUSSEX AND SMUGGLERS.

Sussex was famous for its smugglers. In fact smuggling was a recognized branch of industry. I have heard of the best people in the country who had made a reputable fortune through smuggling. About 20 years ago a Sussex author, speaking of smuggling, says, "It would be improper to enter into any details which might involve the character of those still alive." Their old caves and retreats are still pointed out. Under the arch that is supposed to separate Hastings from St. Leonards there was once something very like a regular battle between the King's men and the smugglers. A great deal of false glamour has been shed by painters and novelists on the subject of smuggling. The Sussex smugglers were often a terrible crew, shrinking from nothing in their lawless pursuits. They sometimes became pirates and murderers. The Hawkurst gang was especially infamous. Hawkurst is in Kent; but the chief members of the gang were Sussex men. They seized on a custom-house officer who had borne witness against them, flogged him to death, and buried him in a hole on the downs.—*London Society.*

The only manufactory of crystal plate glass in the United States is at Crystal City, Mo., and the production is said to be equal to the best.

A wise man watches the development of his plans and then bends his energies to waiting.

MARRIED.

On the 25th ult., by Rev. E. W. Wonner, Mr. James A. Irvin of Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa., and Miss Jennie Krise of Centre Co., Pa.

On the same day and place, Mr. Jonas From, of Centre Hall and Miss Amelia Krise, of Potter twp.

On the 17th inst., at the M. E. Parsonage Pleasant Gap, Mr. Henry Meyers, and Miss Mattie Armstrong, both of Boiling Springs, Centre Co., Pa.

DIED.

At her home in Pine Grove Mills, on Tuesday morning, August 10, 1880, Mrs. Sallie Larimer Fry, wife of William H. Fry, aged 35 years, 2 months and 1 day.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against hunting in the woods of the subscriber, in Gregg twp., as the law will be applied to all trespassers. DANIEL BARTGES.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat No 1, 95, No 2, 85, No 3, 60.
Rye, 60c
Corn, ears, per bu. 40 c.
Corn old. 40c.
Oats, 30c.
Buckwheat, 50c.
Cloverseed, $5.00 to
Plaster, ground per ton, $10.00
Flour, per bbl $6.00
Butter, 14c.
Tallow, 6c.
Lard, 6c.
Ham, 10c.
Shoulders, 7c.
Bacon or side, 7c.
Eggs per doz., 12c.
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

PUBLIC SALE.—VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

The undersigned, Executor of the estate of George Fowler, late of Haines Twp., dec'd, will offer at Public Sale on the premises, about 4 miles south of Millheim on the L. & T. RR. ON WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22, 1880, AT 10 A. M., the following described valuable real estate, consisting of 800 ACRES FARM AND TIMBERLAND, about 80 acres are clear, and good farming land, with an abundance of all kinds of fruit, apples, peaches, &c. Thereon erected TWO HOUSES, NEW BANK BARN. Cider press and all other needed outbuildings. One lot joining the railroad station, contains two acres and has a house erected thereon. There are on the premises TWO ORCHARDS. The balance of the land is well timbered with White pine, White oak, Hemlock and Yellow pine. There is a never failing water power, one of the best in the county, on Penns creek, with a GOOD SAW-MILL lately re-constructed, and adjoining the railroad station.

This property offers one of the best chances in the state for a profitable investment. There are a number of streams of running water on it. No tract has better lumbering facilities, and besides being in one of the best hunting and fishing territories, is suitable for a FIRST CLASS SUMMER RESORT. The property will be offered in different parcels or as a whole to suit purchasers.

Terms will be made known on day of sale, by WM. H. HARTER, Hartleton, Pa., Executor.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Letters of administration on the estate of Mary Smith, late of Gregg twp., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement.

DAVID D. SMITH,
Penn Hall, Pa.
12aug 6t. Adm'r.

PUBLIC SALE.—Va'uable Farm,

the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises in Gregg Twp., on SATURDAY, AUGUST 21.

the following valuable real estate of M. Decker, sr., dec'd, consisting of a farm of 100 ACRES of land, bounded by lands of Hettinger's heirs, Grove and Mingle, D. Henry and others. Thereon erected a good, two-story frame dwelling HOUSE, BARN, and all other necessary outbuildings, also a good orchard. There is good mountain water piped to the door, and an excellent spring of never failing water back of the barn. About 80 ACRES are clear and under good cultivation, the balance is timberland, with good white-oak, white-pine, hemlock and black-oak, and a good sawmill thereon. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, when terms will be made known

M. J. DECKER,
GREEN DECKER,
SUSAN DECKER. } Adm'rs.

PRIVATE SALE.—

The undersigned one of the Executors of the Estate of Geo. Schmeltzer, dec'd, will offer at private sale, that

Valuable Town Property

situated in the town of Madisonburg, Centre county Pa., consisting of six l acre lots, a SPLENDID DWELLING House, good stable, all necessary outbuildings, choice fruit on the premises, and all the conveniences of a pleasant home, also a tract of woodland about 1 mile northeast of said town, containing about one hundred acres, well timbered with oak, pine and chestnut. Known as the property of George Schmeltzer, dec'd.

ADAM SHAFER, Jr.,
20may 3m Executor.

**MRS. LYDIA E.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

A Frenchman Undergoes the Tanner Test Involuntarily in a Canon of the Yellowstone — Thirteen Days Without Food—A Remarkable Episode.

A case of involuntary fasting is related by a gentleman who recently arrived in Chicago from Montana. The name of the narrator is Louis Cohn. He is connected with a system of post traderships in the northwestern Territories, and visits Chicago once a year. He came here direct from Fort Keogh, which is situated on the Yellowstone river. Mr. Cohn descended the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers to Bismarck on a small steamer that had delivered a cargo of military supplies at Keogh.

Mr. Cohn vouches for the truth of the story of suffering which he relates. It was by the hardest work that the steamer reached its destination at all. The June freshet, as it is termed, was on at the time, and the Yellowstone was swollen to bursting. In the gorges, where, on account of the perpendicular walls of rock—in places 1,000 feet high—the torrent could not spend its enormous force in overflow, the current had apparently a force of thirty miles an hour. In one of these chutes the heroic little steamer, trembling and creaking as if ready to burst and fly into a million fragments, breasted the rapids for five hours, in which time it had moved up stream just three-quarters of a mile. Had anything happened at that moment to deprive the pilot of his control of the craft, the boat, cargo and crew would have been smashed against the rocks as a fly can be smashed against a wall.

One evening as the boat was emerging from one of the narrowest canons in the river, a man named Riche, a Frenchman, who was working as a roustabout to pay for his passage to the post, caught his foot in the rope, and stumbling, pitched over the guard into the water. He wasn't much of a mariner, nor was he swimmer enough to cope with a current as tumultuous and barbarous as that of the Yellowstone; so, while as a swimmer he didn't make any perceptible headway, as a floater he made wonderful time. Of course the crew made a show of trying to rescue the poor Frenchman but the pilot had too fresh a sense of the difficulties of navigation in that region to think of dropping back down the canon after having nearly worn out a boiler and engine in getting through it. So, in ten seconds, more or less, the man overboard had been swept down into the neck of the gorge, and soon disappeared altogether from view. The crew said, in chorus, "Poor fellow!" and the boat went grinding on up against the bounding tide.

Thirteen days from that time, at about the same hour in the evening, the steamer, on its return trip, with a light cargo of pelts, shot down through that same canon at a fearful rate of speed. the current alone, without the help of steam, carrying the light craft with lightning like velocity through the deepest part of the gorge, upon a patch of beach that seemed to have been formed of the debris perpetually dropping from the stupendous walls of granite, a man was espied in the attitude of signaling the boat to stop. For a signal he used his flannel shirt. As soon as possible the boat was brought to a landing and Riche was found standing there.

In the meantime the stranger—no not stranger, for, despite his changed appearance, he was instantly recognized by every man of the crew—had fallen in a heap upon the strip of beach. This man was Riche, the "roustabout," who, to the surprise of his rescuers, had survived the dive and dash through the perilous canon, and, by no particularly effort of his own, had stranded on the beggarly patch of rocky beach, with a terrible river on two sides of him and granite walls on the other two sides. He remembered falling overboard, and, more vividly still, he remembered rolling up safely on the rocks, somewhat bruised and with throat and nostrils filled with water, but he could give no idea of the time spent in the water, nor of the number of days that had elapsed since the crew had cruelly abandoned him to his fate.

Mr. Conn says that Riche's condition was wretched to the last extreme. When found and taken aboard the boat he could not articulate his words intelligibly. He had taken nothing but river water into his stomach during the thirteen days of his isolation. When, under the judicious application of stimulating feed, he was restored sufficiently to be able to converse, he told them that his only hope had been that a steamer would come along and that he would be able to make himself discovered. As the pinching pangs of starvation increased, he would lie for hours with ear close to the water, momentarily imagining that he could hear the puissions of a steamer breasting and braving the rapids. After a few days his stomach rejected water and, as that was the best and only offering he had to give, it was forced to feed upon itself, and he was doing this at a ruinously rapid rate when succor came. He, who, apparently, had been a man of 160 pounds weight, was a skeleton when he cued, and had not strength enough to lift both hands to his face at once. He said that several times fine, large trout disported themselves in the shallows at his feet, and once he threw himself sprawling into the water and thrust his hands along the gravelled bottom in the hope of clutching one of the fish, but they eluded his desperate grasp, and he was left to the despairing reflection that there were millions of fish within reach and not even a minnow to eat. He was almost hopeless one night—a dreadfully black and tempestuous night. The bolts of lightning seemed to fill the gorge from wall to wall. The wind blew so hard that the river lashed the rocks with a fury that terrified him, for he expected every moment to be swept from his mooring and carried out to certain death. He explained, as a reason for not taking to water and swimming to a landing whence he could escape from the canon, that he was not certain that there were any other place near at hand where he could effect a landing at all, and prudence suggested that, inasmuch as he was only an awkward swimmer at best, he had better stick to his mooring, desperate as it was

Horrors of a Famine.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* draws a terrible picture of the famine prevailing at Orvomiah, Persia. To-day, he says, I went outside of the city on one of the highways. I carried at my side a little bag of dried raisins to eat on the road. There were crowds of men, women and children, exhausted and faint, muttering unintelligibly, some their lips moving only, and bands on their mouths, indicating by signs their desire for food. My raisins I divided in little portions among these hundreds, but if I had had a load of raisins they would not have sufficed for the famishing in this street, and there are a hundred more such streets in the city. I saw a great many men and some whole families fleeing out of the land toward Russia, if perchance they might find food there, but they were without provisions for the way.

The next day I did not see dead bodies, but I saw ten persons who cannot live through two more days. They had no more hope of life. Some were speechless, some could not swallow the bread when it was put in their mouths. It would not go down their throats. I saw a young woman, beautiful and delicate, a widow's child, without any protector or provider, dying of hunger. I saw heaps of infant children in the streets. As Hagar cast her son under the bush that she might not witness his death, so these mothers have thrown away their children into the streets that they may not see them die. The name of wheat is precious to the famishing, more than jewels to the merchant or treasure or diamonds. Often men exclaim with sighs and groans: "Oh harvest, oh harvest, shall we ever see a threshing floor again, or eat bread till we are satisfied?" Many fine ladies have sold their ornaments and clothes for food.

Where I have walked, the correspondent writes ten days afterward, I have not seen the dead from famine, but they abound in other parts of the city; but men are becoming insane and frantic from hunger. Many such were in the streets, and beggars in every condition without numbers. If you would count the beggars, they would equal in number those from whom they beg. Every hour that you walk in the city you meet with 200 of these wretched creatures, and every minute twenty emaciated hands touch you in importunity. While the cruel Mussulmans drive away these ravenous seekers, their sobs and wailings fill our ears.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A person with a turn for curious statistics has calculated that the 10,000,000 barrels of beer reported by the brewers' congress as sold last year would have filled a canal twenty-one feet wide and five feet deep, extending from New York to Philadelphia, and that it would take a pump throwing thirty gallons a minute, running night and day, over twenty-one years to pump it out. It was all swallowed, however.

Dora Young, a favorite daughter of the late Brigham Young, is in Chicago. She is described as a particularly attractive and handsome woman, with a beautiful complexion and golden hair. She dresses fashionably and in good taste. She has considerable property, secured from her father's estate by a successful suit at law, and intends to enjoy it. Two years ago she was a zealous Mormon, but now she abominates the system and has forsaken her old home and friends.

It is a popular sanitary error to think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become; to believe that the more hours children study the faster they learn; to conclude that if exercise is good, the more violent it is the greater is the benefit; to imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, regardless of the ulterior effects. Despite the advance of hygienic science, these mistaken ideas remain—a monument to the public apathy concerning health matters.

Mrs. Parker, of Glastonbury, Conn., whose famous cows used to be sold every year for taxes, writes to the *Woman's Journal*, signing herself Julia E. Smith, and says that her husband not only paid the tax this year without protest, but went to the collector to pay it, and then told her that "it was his tax and not hers, and that as he could vote he had no reason to go contrary to law." Mrs. Parker says: "I want to take my own stand and fight it out, as long as men make laws so unjust that women cannot say how their own property shall be disposed of, but men can use it as they please, without any ifs or ands about it."

It was recently remarked by Prof. Maudsley that one striking feature observed by medical men in cases of hallucination is that the patients cannot be convinced that the objects they see, the sounds they hear, and the smells they perceive, have no real existence, and that the sensations received are the result of an excited state of their nerves. Hallucination often extends to but one sense, the person affecte being otherwise in a perfectly normal condition. It may arise either from an idea on which the mind has dwelt closely, or from excitement of the sensory nerves. It is said that Newton, Hunter, and some others of equal eminence, could, at will, picture forms to themselves until they appeared to be realities.

Dan Watson, who is known to the police throughout the country, is now in the penitentiary at Philadelphia. Being asked why his band had not made an attempt on the Northumberland bank while operating in that neighborhood several years ago, he said: "Three times we went to do it and each time we were frustrated, and by what do you think?—a terrible bulldog? the watchman's revolver? or the strength of the safe? Neither, but a little child. You see, the watchman went down to the bank from his supper leading his little child by the hand. We had it all arranged to pounce upon him and gag and bind him and then rob the place; but somehow, when I saw that little one, I hadn't the heart to give the signal and hurt it, so he escaped. I'm a bad man, and I ain't afraid of the best man living, but I couldn't bear to see the little thing hurt.

He Wanted to Engage Board for Twenty Years.

Yesterday afternoon shortly after the arrival of the train a man entered a hotel in this city and asked the clerk, who stood busying himself with a patent blotter, the terms upon which he could engage board.

"Owing to the location of your room, sir. Big demand for our rooms. Feed well."

"I don't care so much about the eatin' part," replied the man. "I'm forty odd year old, and have been eatin' about all my life. It's gettin' to be an old thing to me. Well, say, give me a respect able room—how much'll you charge?"

"Just yourself, sir?"

"Well, in a manner."

"Twenty-five dollars a month, i case you are alone."

"You see, it's this way: My wife will be with me, but as times are pretty tight, I concluded to arrange it this way, I'll take breakfast, my wife will take dinner, and we'll throw up—wet or dry—for supper. By that means we can both get board for one price. I reckon I'm a little the best manager you ever seed."

"Fifty dollars for the two."

"I don't understand that sort of 'rithmetic. Both together we'd only eat the meals allowed for one person. It don't hurt a bed any more for two people to sleep on it than for one. I've got a h d out in the country that was presented to my wife when we got married an' I'll be dinged if it ain't just about as good as new. It's one of those old-fashioned beds, with high, yaller posts with knobs on the tops as big as young pumpkins. I'll furnish the room with this bed and one chair. My wife can set on the floor I've lived in the country all my life and, havin' made a little money last year, I concluded to come to town and splurge a little. That's a woman down the country that has all the time been buckin' agin my wife, and to git away with her we have concluded to board at a hotel."

"Fifty dollars per month is our lowest rate."

"How much by the year? I am goin' into this business right."

"Six hundred dollars."

"This is a wholesale business with me. How much for ten years?"

"Six thousand dollars."

"That's a gettin' down to it. How much for twenty years."

"Twelve thousand dollars."

"All right. Mark me down for a square meal right now and check it off for twenty years."

"See that card?" said the clerk pointing to the hotel maxim of persons without baggage are required to pay in advance.

"Oh, I've got the baggage," and the man lifted up a carpet bag.

"That won't go."

"Won't you take this as security?"

"No; get out of here."

"But I want to board here for twenty years."

"Go on away."

"I'll leave your one-horse hotel, sir; but first let me show you." He lifted up the carpet bag, opened it and displayed $50,000 in government bonds.

"You can stay, sir."

"No; I believe not. It takes too much money to put up in this hotel. Guess I'll go around and put up at a wagon yard."

Ever since Cain gave Abel a clip with a club people have lost money by not observing the laws of politeness—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette*

The Sumac Business.

A Brunswick county (Va.) letter says: Sumac abounds here in large quantities, and it is gathered by colored people from June to October, who sell it to the proprietors of sumac mills at Petersburg, where it is pulverized and prepared for northern markets, to be used in tanning and dying. The gathering of this article has of late become so extensive that it may be regarded as a new industry. Years ago the virtue of Virginian sumac was very little known, and consequently very little was gathered, but as soon as it was found to be among the best in the world, the demand for it has steadily increased—so much so that it is likely that before long it will be cultivated. Last year one of the merchants in Brunswick county shipped fifty tons to Petersburg. A colored hand can easily gather one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds a day. Saturday is the busiest day for merchants in the rural districts, and then colored people can be seen coming to the stores from morning until evening to dispose of their sumac gathered during the week. Those that are too poor to own oxen or horses, carry it. It is nothing unusual for a colored woman to carry forty or fifty pounds at a time on her head a considerable distance. Since the article grows wild, there are no restrictions in the privilege of gathering it, but the colored people, in general, ask permission to do so.

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

Japan contains 20,000 Roman Catholics.

Protestant Episcopal Sunday-school scholars in New York city number 24,000.

The first woman ever ordained to the Christian ministry in Europe is Caroline A. Soule, who is a Universalist preacher in Scotland.

A women's home missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church has been formed in Cincinnati.

The Georgia Baptists have 755 white Sunday-schools, with 3,750 officers and teachers, 22,550 scholars; 720 colored schools, with 2,880 officers and teachers, 21,600 scholars.

Poverty stares many independent Lutheran pastors of Hesse and elsewhere in the face. Their papers tell the saddest tales of suffering, and propose a fund for their relief.

The total preaching power of the English Methodist connections is given at 38,000 preachers, of whom only some 3,600 are ordained ministers, and the remaining 34,400 laymen.

The Presbyterian board of foreign missions pays its chief secretary $5,000, the Methodists pay $4,500, the Congregationalists $3,500, and the Baptists and Episcopalians each $3,000.

Iowa has more Methodists among its citizens than Christians of all other denominations combined, and has furnished an unusual number of distinguished ministers therefrom.

The Rev. Joseph Done, D. D., a distinguished Wesleyan minister in Australia, died recently, aged forty-eight years. He was president of the Australian Wesleyan conference in 1878, and visited this country in 1873.

Chief Joseph, of the Oka (Canada) tribe of Indians, is a man of good education. He has been ordained as a clergyman, and has translated the four Gospels from French into Iroquois. He hopes to finish the translation of the New Testament before the end of the present year.

There are thirty-three missionary societies at work in Africa, and there are 75,000 converts belonging to Protestant churches, with an outside population of 250,000 under their influence. In Central Africa there are already ten Christian organizations established with more or less encouraging prospects.

The Catholic population of Canada (1,846,800) is provided for by twenty-three bishops, 1,599 priests, and 1,617 churches. There are also eighteen seminaries, forty colleges, eighty-five academies, 247 convents, ninety-two religious communities, forty-three asylums, thirty-four hospitals, and 3,544 elementary schools.

North and South the total of members reported in Baptist churches this year is 2,133 044, against 2,102,034 last year, showing an increase of 31,010. There are 1,095 associations, being an increase of 20; 24 794 churches, an increase of 295; 15,401 ordained ministers, an increase of 447. The additions by baptism were 78,924, a falling off from last year of upward of 33,000. The exclusions numbered 20,580.

In the State of Rhode Island, with a population of 260,000, there are 296 religious societies of every name, and 311 church edifices, or one religious organization for every 878 inhabitants, and one religious edifice for every 836. About one-fifth of all the people go to church. while at least one-third could find accommodation there. The Baptists of every name report 118 church edifices and 117 societies.

In 1835 there were in the six New England States only 40,082 Catholics, twenty-seven priests, twenty-two churches and fifty other ecclesiastical buildings unfinished. Ten years later, there were in four of these States, omitting Connecticut and Rhode Island, 60,199 Catholics, thirty priests, thirty-seven churches and thirty-two chapels and stations. Now there are in all 326,000 Catholics, 516 priests, 502 churches and 154 stations.

Thayer, the organist, says: Whether professed Christian or not, I believe the organist's first duty is to consider his playing and all his acts in the sanctuary as worship. To enter the place for personal display, to show what skill is in feet and fingers, to exhibit his knowledge in the art of registration, to earn some money, or have a fine entertainment, is all false and wrong; and if sooner or later he meets with failure or rebuke, let such an organist consider ti well deserved. I hold that no person believer or infidel, Christian or heathen, has any right to step a foot inside a church door without a full sense of the sacredness of the place.

The following is a summary of the Presbyterian church (South) as presented by the minutes of assembly for 1880: Synods, 12; presbyteries, 67; ministers, 1,060; churches, 1,928; licensures, 53; candidates, 145; licentiates, 70; ordinations, 38; installations, 82; ministers deceased, 19; pastoral dissolutions, 40; churches organized, 47; churches disbanded, 7; ruling elders, 5,721; deacons, 3,811; added on examination, 5,920; added on certificate, 3,614; total communicants, 120,028; infants baptized, 4,705; adults baptized, 1,892; number of baptized non-communicants, 29,397; number in Sunday-school and Bible-classes, 74,902. The total contributions amounted to $1,052,338. Of this amount $39,577 was for foreign missions and $15,233 for evangelizing. During the past year there has been an increase of 107 in the number of churches, 3,373 in the number of communicants and 4 678 in the Sunday-school. The contributions were increased over the preceding year $46,635.

Bibles With Queer Names.

An interesting collection of Bibles was recently exhibited in London, which comprised copies of all the editions that, because of peculiar errors of the printers, or from some other reason, have been known by strange names. Among the Bibles on exhibition were the following:

THE GUTTENBERG BIBLE.—The Earliest Book Known. Printed from Movable Metal Types, is the Latin Bible Issued by Guttenberg, at Mentz, A. D. 1450.

THE BUG BIBLE.—Was so Called from its Rendering of Psalms xci.: 5: "Afraid of Bugs by Night." Our Present Version reads, "Terror by Night." A. D. 1551.

THE BREECHES BIBLE.—The Geneva Version is that Popularly Known as the Breeches Bible, from its Rendering of Genesis iii.: 7: (Making Themselves Breeches out of Fig-leaves.) This translation of the Scriptures—the Result of the Labors of the English Exiles at Geneva—was the English Family Bible During the Reign of Queen Elizabeth and till Supplanted by the Present Authorized Version of King James I.

THE PLACE-MAKERS' BIBLE.—From a remarkable Typographical Error which occurs in Matthew v.: 9: "Blessed are the Place-makers," instead of Peace-makers. A. D. 1562.

THE TREACLE BIBLE.—From its Rendering of Jeremiah viii.: 22: "Is There no Treacle [instead of Balm] in Gilead?" A. D. 1568.

THE ROSIN BIBLE.—From the same Text, but Translated "Rosin" in the Douai version. A. D. 1609.

THE HE AND SHE BIBLES.—From the Respective Renderings of Ruth iii.: 15—one Reading that "She went into the City." The other has it that "He went." A. D. 1611.

THE WICKED BIBLE.—From the Fact that the Negative has been Left Out of the Seventh Commandment. (Exodus, xx.: 14.) For Which the Printer was Fined $300. A. D. 1631.

THE THUMB BIBLE.—Being One Inch Square and Half an Inch Thick, was Published at Aberdeen. A. D. 1670.

THE VINEGAR BIBLE.—So Named from the Headline of the 20th Chapter of Luke, which reads as "The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of the Vineyard. A. D. 1717.

THE PRINTERS' BIBLE.—We are told by Cotton Mather that in a Bible printed prior to 1702, a blundering Typographer made King David exclaim that "Printers [instead of Princes] Persecuted him without a cause." See Psalms cxix.: 161.

THE MURDERERS' BIBLE.—So called from an Error in the Sixteenth verse of the Epistle of Jude, the word "Murderers" being used instead of "Murmurers." A. D. 1801.

THE CAXTON MEMORIAL BIBLE — Wholly Printed and Bound in 12 hours, but only 100 copies struck off. A. D. 1877.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Some of the People Who Have Gone Over the Cataract.

John Paul writes as follows from Niagara Falls to a New York paper: Within twenty-five years more than sixty persons have gone over the falls. Last summer seven went over, four on the American side and three on the Canadian. Of those who go over the American falls the bodies are very seldom recovered, they tell me, while the bodies of those who go over on the Canadian side are usually found. This is because of the jagged rocks which lie hidden in the whirl and foam at the foot of the American falls—these, grim teeth that they are, seize upon the victim delivered to them, and hold him in a grip from which neither bell nor diver can deliver him, a grip which shall not be relaxed until the sound of that trumpet at whose blast the most inaccessible graves shall give up their dead. It is generally boatmen, I am told, familiar with the river, who fall a prey to the falls. Crossing and recrossing the river in safety thousands of times, knowing, as they suppose, every phase of the current, they finally come to look upon it with indifference if not with contempt, and, going once too often to the well, come to have their pitchers terribly broken at last. The usual fate of all who toy with the manes of lions or attempt the role of tiger-tamers is theirs. Some day there is a craunch, and all is over. Last summer, for instance, two boatmen started to cross the river in a sailboat, taking no oars along. It had been their home since childhood, and boating was their business. Who should presume to warn them? But in mid river the wind died away, and they found themselves in the grip of the current—a grip relentless and unrelaxing as that of fate. Faster and faster, as though drawn by demons beneath the keel, their boat neared the rapids. And once in the rapids—ah, the story is soon told. From the head of the rapids to their foot—a distance of perhaps eighty rods, the decline is nigh upon ninety feet. And down this inclined plane, as you can very well see, the water slides with something of the speed of an express train. It is a terrible meteor that shoots by the few (for the exhibition has not been advertised in advance) who stand on the banks and bridges. Two pale-faced men in a frail boat, sending a cry around them, and the falls thundering in anticipative triumph below, arms wildly outstretched for an aid which none can give, no cry for succor audible, though you know that the shrieks of the doomed are sent up to the skies—one glimpse of this and no more. The baleful vision has vanished, and again the glad waters are dancing and glancing onward in the sun. You know that lives have been quenched like tapers in the fateful foam of the falls, but the only testimony to the tragedy is the great clouds of spray which roll up to heaven like smoke from the altar of immolation.

Here, as well as elsewhere, whisky comes to the aid of water and supplements it in the work of destruction. Liquor is cheap on the Canadian side, and so an abnormal boldness may be begotten at what seems (and is in the outset) a very inconsiderable cost. But after crossing to the Canadian side the American side not infrequently knows the boatman no more forever. Charon takes up the oar, and the Styx, not the Niagara, is ferried. Thus Mr. Whitney, of the Cataract house, tells me that last summer his son, sitting in the summer-house of his grounds above the rapids, saw a man getting dangerously near the sliding current. Running down to the bank he shouted to him to pull in shore or he'd be caught in the current, but a drunken stare was the only answer. A few minutes more and the boat was among the dimpling eddies—the smiles, as it were, which precede the infernal laughter of the rapids. Then the poor wretch, suddenly sobered, realized his position. Before he could hiccup a single pater his sodden soul stood before its God.

No human being ever went over the falls and lived. Sam Patch but jumped from a ladder a hundred feet high erected near the foot of Biddle stairs. Of the cats and dogs with which humanity has here at various times experimented it is said that some have been picked up alive, but I mainly doubt it. Why, let the fall but brush you with its outermost skirt, and 'twere death; but one corner of that ponderous sheet, striking with only half the impetus gathered by its descent, would smite the life out of behemoth!

Literary Men's Losses by Fire.

The world of letters has been sympathetically interested during the last few days in the loss which Professor Mommsen, the eminent historian, sustained on the 12th ult. in the burning of his valuable library at Charlottenburg, Germany. The number of books in it was about 40,000 volumes, relating mostly to the history of Rome, besides numerous manuscripts. Fortunately, at the time Professor Mommsen was engaged on a history of the Roman emperors. What rendered the disaster peculiarly afflicting was the fact that there went with the rest rare parchments and manuscripts loaned him from the royal library at Berlin and from the vatican library. An eye-witness, to who saw the professor just after the discovery of the fire, says that he never saw a more touching sight. The old man seemed almost beside himself with grief. In his frenzied though unavailing efforts to rescue the borrowed manuscripts, he received several severe wounds, and the police were finally obliged to force him away from the scene. His loss, of course, is irreparable, but it is pleasing to know he will make the best of circumstances and resume work on his history as soon as his health will permit.

It is noteworthy that several similar disasters have, from time to time, befallen literary men. In the winter of 1629-30 the house of Professor Niebuhr, Mommsen's predecessor in the professorship of history at Berlin, was burned and with it his large and valuable library. The second volume of his history of Rome, then in manuscript, also perished. This, however, Niebuhr, by hard work, was able to replace within a year, and get it through the press. From the shock occasioned by his loss the historian never fully recovered.

In the height of his fame the great mind of Sir Isaac Newton was for some time affected to such a degree as to unfit him for scientific investigation because of a similar mishap. Brewster, his biographer, says that while the philosopher was absent attending religious service one morning, his favorite dog Diamond, overturned a lighted taper, which set fire to several papers, and they were reduced to ashes. On these papers he had recorded the results of several years' labor in important optical studies. When Newton perceived the magnitude of his loss he exclaimed: "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, little do you know the mischief you have done me!"

How Long a Baseball Pitcher Lasts.

Successful pitchers have very short lives in their positions, the most difficult at first to hit becoming easy game to the heavy hitters in about four years. Especially is this the case when he is put in to pitch every game for a few seasons. Batters become familiar to his balls and his different motions in delivering them. Spalding retired in his glory after a short period of six years. Matthews lasted seven years, but faced no heavy hitters lately for any length of time. Mont is now in his fifth successful season, but gets it hot occasionally this year, as does White, only in his third year. Nichols went out very suddenly, but did fine work for a few seasons after 1875. Cummings was great in the days of the lively ball. This chapter in pitchers' history teaches that the best pitcher will fail in about three years if played without relief. Two good pitchers will last a long time if changed every game.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Would you mind standing here till I go in and get a cigar?" he asked. "Of course not," she replied; "but don't you think, Henry, that smoking is offensive, and that it will be easier practicing economy after marriage if it is practiced during courtship?" "You're right," he said; "I shan't smoke any more, sweet," and she looked unutterable love at him as they resumed their stroll. Just then they came to an ice cream saloon, and he said: "There, now, I meant to treat you to ice cream, but, as you say, it is best to practice economy during courtship. Ten cents for a cigar, thirty cents for two creams—forty cents saved in a single night. Let's go over to the fountain and take a drink of water." They went; but she was mad enough to bite her own head off.

Bits of Information.

The phrase "To row up Salt river" has its origin in the fact that there is a small stream of that name in Kentucky, the passage of which is made difficult and laborious by the abundance of shallows and bars. The real application of the phase is to the person who has the task of propelling the boat up the stream, but in political usage it is to those who are rowed up.

Artemesia married her own brother Mausolus, King of Caria, 377 B. C. At his death she drank, in liquor, his ashes, after his body had been burned, and erected to his memory a monument, one of the wonders of the world, termed Mausoleum. She invited all the literary men of her age, and offered a reward to him who composed the best verses upon her husband. The prize was adjudged to Theopompus. The statue of Mausolus is among the antiquities brought from Halicarnassus in 1857, and placed in the British museum.

The custom of crowning the poets originated among the Greeks and was adopted by the Romans during the empire. It was revived in the twelfth century by the Emperor of Germany, who invented the title of poet laureate. The French had royal poets but no laureates. The title existed in Spain, but little is known of those who bore it. The tradition concerning the laureate in England is that Edward III., in 1307, emulating the crowning of Petrarch at Rome, in 1341, granted the office to Chaucer, with a yearly pension. In 1630 the laureate was made a "patent" office. From that time there has been a regular succession of laurentes.

Nominating conventions date back to 1831. In September of that year the Anti-Masons nominated at Baltimore Wirt and Ellmaker. In December, also at Baltimore, the National Republicans nominated Clay and Sergeant, and in March, 1832, the Democratic National convention, which also met at Baltimore, confirmed the renomination of Jackson already made by his friends in the New York legislature, and placed Van Buren on the ticket as Vice-President. Jackson, therefore, was the first President nominated by such a convention. In 1828 the candidates on both sides were nominated by common consent or by State legislatures, the system of congressional caucuses having been abandoned and the national conventions not yet introduced. In 1824 Crawford's friends had tried to revive the congressional caucus system, but the caucus was thinly attended, and the result was the "scrub race." There was no opposition to Monroe in 1820. Before that time the nominations were made by congressional caucus.

Wasted Efforts to be Funny.

Take, as a very simple illustration, the case of the young man who had been offered a saucer of delicately salted ice cream by two young ladies, who waited in convulsive glee for the first grimace and its attendant remarks. Not a grimace or word betrayed that he had noticed it at all. Still talking lightly of last night's German and to-morrow's tennis, he finished the entire saucerful, then, bowing slightly, left the room. Was ever "fun" more delicately spoiled?

Take again the case of a certain college professor, who had almost abolished the use of the rod, not by punishing, but by foiling, the intended fun of the students. Informed one night that the students were painting the walls of the chapel, "Very well," he said, quietly, "let them paint; but tell me when they are through." Dressing hastily, he went about the town, rousing every painter in the place, and as the last student went out of the chapel a dozen artisans went in. Next morning, when there was an unusually large attendance at prayers, behold the calcimined walls as fair as ever. The dignity of the college had not been allowed to be insulted, yet never a student was ever questioned, blamed, marked or expelled. In the same manner, when the tongue of Delilah had been removed one night, another was in its place before dawn, and the astonished students were summoned to their devotions at the usual hour. Again, when the wheel of the organ disappeared and the organist had been secretly informed that his services would not be required the next day, one of the very delinquents was called upon to take his place, finding, to his chagrin, that the keys responded dutifully to his touch. If it is the "silent organ" that "loudest chants the master's requiem," in this case it was certainly the organ's music that chanted loudest the humiliation of the guilty. No wonder that the students at that institution have about decided that what may be called hazing the professors does not pay. Said the boys at Rugby: "There's no fun in telling Arnold a lie, for he always believes us!"—*Christian Register.*

Mustard.

The seeds of two species of mustard (Sinapis) are commonly used for culinary and medicinal purposes, and are known as black mustard seeds and white mustard seeds. The flour of mustard, so extensively used as a condiment, is prepared from a mixture of the two kinds, usually in the proportion of two parts black and three parts white. The seeds are pounded and the husks then removed from the flour by sifting. It is remarkable that the pungent principle for which mustard is valued does not exist in the seeds, but it is produced when the constituents of the seeds are brought together under the influence of water.

Internally, flour of mustard is used as a stimulant, diuretic and emetic; externally as an irritant and rebefacient. White mustard seeds are often taken in an entire state as stimulants in dyspepsia. Mustard should be mixed with water that has been boiled and allowed to cool. Hot water destroys its essential qualities, and raw cold water might cause it to ferment. Put the mustard in a cup with a small pinch of salt, and mix with it very gradually sufficient water to make it drop from the spoon without becoming watery. The Germans have a way of preparing mustard in which much of its pungency is modified by spices. The following is an approved method of preparing it: Take of the white and black mustard seed, ground fine, each one pound, and half a pound of sugar. Pour upon this mixture a sufficient quantity of boiling vinegar to make it of the consistency of soft dough. It should then be stirred constantly with a paddle for about half an hour, in which time the mustard will swell and become much thicker. After it has cooked—say about an hour—add one ounce of powdered cinnamon and half an ounce of powdered cloves and mix thoroughly It may then be set away in tightly covered bottles and jars, and if the vinegar is good it will keep any length of time and improve with age. It may be thinned with vinegar as it is wanted for use. Mustard prepared in this way is far superior to that mixed in the usual manner.—*Troy Times.*

Words of Wisdom.

He who loses hope may then part with anything.

Sin is sturdy, and will rebel where it cannot reign.

Benefit your friends, that they may become your friends.

The error of a moment becomes the orrow of a whole life.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

There is nothing terrible in death without life hath made it so.

A judicious silence is better than truth spoken without charity.

He who can pay homage to the truly despicable is truly contemptible.

True virtue is like precious odors—sweeter the more incensed and crushed.

The mind has more room in it than most people imagine, if you would furnish the apartments.

The evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers.

No man is born wise; but wisdom and virtue require a tutor; though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master.

The harsh, hard world neither sees, nor tries to see, men's hearts; but wherever there is an opportunity of evil, supposes that evil exists.

If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause!

Whoever is an imitator by nature, choice or necessity, has nothing stable; the flexibility which affords this aptitude is inconsistent with strength.

An angry man who suppresses his passions thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide speaks worse than he thinks.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

The population of Massachusetts is 1,783,812, a gain of nineteen per cent. since 1870.

At Rochester, N. Y., the horse Steve Maxwell trotted two miles in 4:48½ beating Flora Temple's previously unbroken record of 4:59½. He ran the second heat in 4:51.

It is reported that Miss Agnes Dehart, of Mariners' harbor, Staten Island, has completed a fast of thirty-one days, undertaken with the purpose of curing ulcers in the stomach, and that the experiment has proved entirely successful.

The American bankers' association opened its annual meeting at Saratoga the other day, representatives from all parts of the Union being in attendance. On the second day Secretary Sherman read a paper on resumption and refunding.

Dr. Tanner has received an offer of $1,500 per week to lecture "from ocean to ocean."

The Connecticut Republicans at their State convention in Hartford nominated a full ticket, headed by H. B. Bigelow for governor, and adopted resolutions which ratify the nominations of Garfield and Arthur, favor sound money, protection to free American labor, and a modification of the State laws in regard to color blindness.

Two excursion trains from Philadelphia, having on board the members and friends of a Catholic literary society of that city, collided at May's Landing, N. J., with appalling results. It seems that the two trains had left Atlantic City at about 5 P. M., the interval between them being only two minutes. At May's Landing, seventeen miles from Atlantic City, the section in the lead was sidetracked for the 5:10 down express. It had hardly come to a stand, the rear coach resting upon the bridge over the Great Egg Harbor river, a small but swift stream, before the rear train came thundering upon it through the open switch. The locomotive telescoped the rear car, which was full of men, women and children, and the roof was lifted and the sides of the car for a considerable space were forced out. Strange to say, few of the passengers were injured in the collision, but a more horrible fate remained for many of them. One of the cylinder heads of the engine was blown out and the entire car was instantly filled with scalding steam. In such a wreck escape was, of course, slow, especially in the fog of steam, and the sufferings of the prisoners must have been frightful. Their groans and cries are described with shuddering by those in the other cars who heard them. Many were unable to extricate themselves at all, and a number in doing so plunged into the creek, which fortunately was low. So terrible was the force of the collision that the engine fairly plowed a furrow half way into the car, the roof of the latter being lifted over the smokestack of the locomotive. At midnight a dispatch was sent to Camden for thirty-five stretches. The news of the accident caused intense excitement, and when the delayed express arrived, about midnight, a crowd had assembled at the depot in Camden. At 1:45 the next morning the ambulances began to arrive at the hospital in Philadelphia carrying the wounded. Some of them men had gone down to the seaside in light summer costume, which furnished but slight protection against the steam jets. They were carried from the cars in a mass of flour and cotton, under which their forms were scarcely distinguishable. It was 3 A. M. before all had been got to the hospital. About fifteen persons were killed and fifty-five injured more or less seriously.

A train of cars was thrown down a twenty-foot embankment at Spring Valley, N. Y., and fifteen persons were injured. The accident was caused by the breaking of an axle in the truck of the tender attached to the locomotive.

The best trotting time on record has just been beaten at Rochester by the two celebrated trotters Maud S. and St. Julian, who each trotted a mile in 2.11¾.

The population of New York is shown by the census to be 1,203,823.

The sea serpent has been seen again. Some Staten Island fishermen report that while fishing in New York bay they saw some kind of an aquatic monster more than a hundred feet long, black, and with motions like that of an eel.

Twenty-five freight cars were demolished by a collision near Cooperstown, N. Y. The fireman on one train was instantly killed, the fireman on the other train fatally injured and two other railroad employees were hurt.

A fire at Ogdensburg, N. Y., totally destroyed the round-house of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain railroad, containing five locomotives, and entailed a loss of about $100,000.

K. E. Parkhurst, a young lawyer residing in Bath, N. Y., shot and killed Miss Fannie Howell, daughter of a prominent merchant there and then blew his own brains out. The couple were married clandestinely four years ago, but never lived together, having been separated by the bride's parents on account of the young man's irregular habits.

A Boston daily paper prints an estimate of the population of the country, partly estimated and partly made up from official returns, which puts the whole number of inhabitants, exclusive of the Territories, at 48,456,151 against 38,155,515 in 1870. According to this estimate the Northern States will have a population of 20,763,820, and the Southern States 17,692,331—the average rate of growth of the South being slightly in excess of twenty-eight per cent., that of the North being slightly below twenty-seven per cent.

Six marksmen from the Amateur rifle club of New York contested with a like number of marksmen from the Victoria rifle association of Canada at the Creedmoor range on Long Island. The Americans were victorious by a score of 1,273 to 1,235 for the Canadians. The highest score for the Americans was 217, made by Waters; and for the Canadians the highest score was 210, made by Gibson. The highest possible single score was 225.

As Miss Billie Mateer, aged eighteen, was walking with a gentleman near Mount Joy, Pa., a spark from the latter's cigar set fire to her dress, and she was burned so severely that she died soon afterward.

Four maids its appearance the other day in various parts of New England and the Middle States.

Western and Southern States.

The Tennessee Democrats have nominated John V. Wright for governor and a full State ticket.

There is a split among the Georgia Democrats, and ex-United States Senator Norwood, at the request of a number of delegates to the late State convention, has consented to run for governor.

There are at present fifteen persons in jail at Chicago charged with murder. Two of the fifteen are women.

A letter to the Des Moines (Ia.) *State Register* from a responsible citizen, S. A. James, of Sigourney, gives the information, on the authority of an eye-witness, also a responsible man, that the notorious Bender family, four in number, were captured soon after the discovery of the murder of Colonel York. The eye-witness says that the four were stood up in a row facing nine riflemen, and were told their fate; that Kate was plucky to the last and called upon the captain to "shoot and be—," and that the four bod